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A drawing by Miklos Vadasz from *L'Assiette au Beurre*, 1909, reproduced in Paul Hogarth's *The Artist as Reporter* (reviewed on page 572).

SPREADING THE WORD

UNTIL A VERY FEW YEARS ago translation was frequently referred to as "the Cinderella of the arts"—not is it coincidence that the label should be in cliché. Today Cinderella has found her international Prince Charming with a vengeance, and the coach-and-four which carries her to the ball suffers no visible pumpkinification on the stroke of midnight. The old Bloomsbury slogan "Only Connect" has acquired a new and far wider significance, which its original beggar could scarcely have foreseen at the time.

Translation has, in fact, become the instrument, the spearhead, of a world-wide movement towards mass communication. Professor Marshall McLuhan is no cultural accident. At every level—political, scientific, military, social, what you will—it is imperative that the message should not only be received, but also understood. The translator's public status has risen very considerably. There may be a "holiness" between Washington and Moscow; but without two translators to man it Mr. Kossygin and Mr. Johnson would be at something of a loss when they made contact in an emergency.

So if translation has ceased to be a Cinderella, it also owes appreciably less allegiance to the arts. Scientists have broken it down in computers, linguists have tackled its structural and semantic implications. It now emerges as something much more technically complex, but much less arbitrary or aesthetically pretentious, than has hitherto been assumed. It can no longer be monopolized by a privileged minority group, or explicated in a soft literary option. Here, as in so many other fields, the days of the opinionated amateur are numbered.

Unfortunately, the legacy of middle-class dogma and tradition which he leaves behind him looks like taking a long time to eradicate. Many of our more irritating and stubbornly

held national characteristics lie entrenched within it. At least since Dryden's day, translation for most educated Englishmen has tended to mean literary translation and nothing else. But this in fact (as we are beginning to see only too clearly) forms a very small sub-group of translation as a whole, and one that can only flourish in a highly sophisticated and self-aware culture. Furthermore, the translation of poetry—however complex and specialized its problems—is no more than one sub-division within this sub-group. Our perspectives have been radically altered.

If we proceed from any axiomatic premise today, it is from the assumption of a crucial inadequacy in the potential reader, for whom language is a closed book until converted into language *x*. In the last resort all translation is a tribute for human incompetence. No one capable of reading Pindar or Dante or Tolstoy in the original would choose to approach them via translations except in order to appreciate a *tour de force*. The language need not be one's own, either. Two felicitous examples that at once spring to mind are the Italian version of Pound's *Cantos* and Sir Maurice Bowra's virtuoso rendering of *Kubli Khan* in Greek choral lyrics. But the accident of linguistic ignorance seems a shaky foundation on which to build an art-form.

This is what Mr. Day Lewis had in mind when he said, with every classical justification, that "every classical poem worth translating should be translated as often as fifty years". No such version should attempt to achieve the status of a possession for ever in its own right. Those that do so are either helped by powerful non-literary factors (the King James Bible is one obvious example) or else diverge so far from their original that they have to be considered as independent creative works. Into this category, the "imitation" or "creative translation", fall such poems as Dr. Johnson's *London*, Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat*, and Pound's *Hanjin* to *Sextus Propertius*.

Now if translation is basically a

technique rather than an art, we cannot in all justice complain about the lack of agreement—whether in theory or practice—between its various exponents. Style, as we know, must be adapted to audience, by the craftsman if not by the artist; and not only the form a translation assumes, but also—more important—what is or is not selected for translation in the first place, will depend very much upon external criteria. To take a couple of extreme examples: no one would deny that works chosen for translation in seventeenth-century Spain and twentieth-century Russia reflect controlling historical factors that have little to do with literature as such. But then it is only by an historical accident that we equate "translation" with "literary translation" in the first place.

This assumption is a comparatively recent one. It came about because in England (not to generalize too widely) translation during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries became the special preserve of scholars and, parsons, devoted to spreading classical elegance among their own kind. Its basic function, indeed, all but vanished from sight, since the readers aimed at were familiar with Greek and Latin already. Thus translation tended to become an elegant imitation or pastiche, and the problem of conveying sound-effects and rhythm-patterns could be ignored. Since, like any self-confident but unconscious society, the English already had a tradition of stamping out the classics in their own contemporary image, translations tended to produce some strange sea-changes. Gladstone, one recalls, turned Homer into brisk ballad-stanzas, rather like Maecenas's *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

Thus, paradoxically, literary translators were encouraged to concentrate on the sense and let the form take care of itself. Here, Carlyle is typical: "Tell us what they thought," he exclaimed, "none of your silly poetry." This did not prevent him producing some very fine verse translations of Schiller,

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The *Penrose Annual 1967*, Edited by Herbert Spencer, 240pp, 100d Humphries, £3.3s.

Two of the best articles in this annual are devoted to the future of newspapers. Mr. James Moran contributes a lengthy and well-informed essay on "The newspaper in Britain today" based on his study of some 300 newspapers. He considers the economic and technological consequences of new techniques now spreading from provincial to London newspapers. Anticipating the views of some other contributors, he sees the need for a new kind of journalist—one who is conversant with both writing, sub-editing and design techniques, and also with new methods of printing. This theme is taken up by Mr. Clive Irving in dealing with the question "Can newspapers move from the Stone Age to the Space Age?" His answer is that the transition can only be made if it is realized that the newspaper designer's job can never be a detached one, separated from the editorial purpose of the newspaper. Some effective illustrations prove his contentions, and he makes this telling analogy—that nobody in television thinks his job is complete when the script is written because television is an essentially visual medium. "Newspapers," declares Mr. Irving, "have yet to understand how much they, too, are a visual medium—not in the trivial sense, with pictures, but with words."

The promise of greater freedom in the typographical handling of words is strikingly shown by two other contributors. Mr. Klaus F. Schmidt illustrates and explains the possibilities of "Display composition on the Photo-Typesetter", an ingenious photographic apparatus which can handle type negatives with astonishing flexibility. To the credit of its manufacturers, this machine has in recent years been fitted out with several new type designs, these being the prize-winning entries in a series of international competitions organized to attract new talent in this field. Mr. Schmidt calculates that the cost of producing a film alphabet is as low as 1 per cent of the cost of producing a similar face in metal; he therefore sees a great many applications for what he terms the emerging photographic type-foundry. How such methods of photographic composition can be used by graphic designers and typographers is examined in a well-illustrated article by James Siltan on "Faces without bodies", a title which

does not prevent him from considering type faces on human bodies, as used in the credit titles of some James Bond films.

Besides giving space to types and letters, the editor has found a place for some excellent articles on *belles lettres*. John Russell Taylor, author of *The Art Newspaper in Britain*, describes and in a striking double-page spread in colour illustrates the publications of T. N. Foulis, between 1903 and 1923, this eccentric Scot produced a series of charmingly modest, cheap and colourful editions of the classics. In lively detail Mr. Taylor traces the history of this venture and fully justifies his claim that T. N. Foulis put out some of the most attractive books of his period.

Another sector of *belles lettres* is given equally lively and thorough treatment by Mr. John Willett. His subject is the surprisingly large group of little magazines "produced for fun, love or conviction, in defiance of alleged economic good sense". The latest *Directory of Little Magazines* lists more than 500 of these publications, and their value is considered by Mr. Willett under the title "Experiments underground". Although in most of them the interest is literary rather than visual, Mr. Willett concludes, like Mr. Irving, that if there are to be new forms of communication in print, they will have to emerge from a new merging of specializations; and Mr. Willett believes that the best place for that to start in is the basement.

Some idea of the effectiveness of a loftier merging of specializations can be gained from an article on "Time-Life vast venture in books," by Mr. Edward A. Hamilton and also from Mr. Germano Facetti's explanation and illustration of "Michelin maps and guides". To each of the Time-Life projects, an editor, a senior designer and a chief researcher are assigned. Under this basic group is a staff with many skills, sometimes numbering as many as fifty people working on a single series. A special inset shows the remarkable results achieved by this merging of specializations, and the inset is illuminated by the comments from the Colour Director of Time-Life who explains the special care given to plate-making, inks and paper in order to obtain these results.

The article on Michelin maps and guides suffers from the fact that the maps originally printed in eight colours have been reproduced in monochrome, but this defect is partly

compensated by some new reproductions of the detailed Michelin research team to keep their maps up to the aspects of other guide books covered by Mr. Kad Taylor's survey of "Baedeker's since spring", while the graphic airlines are discussed by Mr. Neumann, who writes on "house styles". The role of guide books is explored by Jan van Keulen in "Discourse a camera", a brief essay specifically with Contour books, but especially with photographic illustrations.

Throughout this volume, illustrations, both in colour and monochrome, are extremely reproduced. The appearance varies noticeably in several varieties of paper, some spongy, some glossy. Several text pages would be less daunting to the eye and frequent or more distant breaks. But perhaps the most feature of this year's *Penrose* is the title-page, which is perverse ingeniously—and scholarly care—has been made to over no fewer than six pages, each one carrying a page of the full title (and why in 1967 it is still necessary to keep the title on the title).

ROBERT GRAVES ON JOHN MASEFIELD

At the memorial service for John Masefield held in Westminster Abbey on Tuesday, June 20, extracts from Masefield's works were movingly read by Cecil Day Lewis and the address was given by Robert Graves. Mr. Graves told of his meetings with Masefield and discussed the role of the poet Laureate and the way in which Masefield filled it. Among other things Mr. Graves recalled that:

"When we first met, half a century ago, he had just come down after years of knockabout adventure at sea and abroad, as a prosperous writer. His first book, *Salt Water Ballads*, 1902, owed much to Rudyard Kipling; but though Kipling could dramatically impersonate tinkers, sailors or soldiers, he never quite came inside their skins. Masefield was a sailor, had served before the mast, and wrote from the heart.

"It was in 1911 that he set the Thames on fire with a long rhymed narrative poem, *The Everlasting Mercy*. He told me later that while writing it he was stuck in a wood—I think at the building—had been caught by a sudden rain-like compulsion to write; and it came out in a rush. *The Everlasting Mercy* which concerns a ne'er-do-well wind that carried English poetry clear out of the Edwardian delirium, with its pungent, urgent, violent lines, with their bare-breasted long-landed sailors, exhilarated young soldiers and drew from Max Beerbaum the not unkind reproach:

"A swarthy man in a rustle slim
A male swarthy man to some,
To Masefield something more.

I first met him at Oxford in 1917. He had just written *The Wind in the Willows*, a personal story in which the same personal style, the *Everlasting Mercy*, though with rather more restraint. I was then on the staff of the Western Front. We had been introduced by Dr. Robert Bridges, Masefield's predecessor as poet Laureate, and we had been generally been regarded as a disaster. The trib was that

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nonwealth and Africa, in his visit to Moscow in 1959, in his handling of Eisenhower and Kennedy. Again he was a gambler—in the decision to apply for membership of the European Economic Community. But again he was persistently ambiguous, because circumstances demanded it. He was ambiguous over Africa, because he saw there, perfectly correctly, not a conflict of right and wrong but a conflict between two irreconcilable rights. He was ambiguous in his approach to Europe because there was no chance of carrying the British people with him if he talked the pure language of European integration, and no chance of entry if he admitted the true state of public opinion at home. What else could he do or say? In a non-parliamentary autocracy there would have been no problem over doing what was right. But Macmillan lived in a democracy which automatically imposes ambiguity.

Ambiguity is not, then, a useful category for distinguishing Prime Ministers. As Mr. Sampson comes near to admitting at one point, they divide themselves rather into the lucky and the unlucky. Churchill and Atlee were lucky, in being just the sort of Prime Minister that was needed in 1940 and 1945 respectively. Asquith and Chamberlain were unlucky: either of them might have ranked as the greatest peacetime Prime Minister and social reformer of the century, had they not been

overwhelmed by international crises which they were unequipped to handle. Macmillan, who had the longest uninterrupted run of any of them, was supremely lucky at the beginning and disastrously unlucky at the end. He was perfectly adapted by temperament and experience to deal with the aftermath of Suez, but out of his depth by 1963. Ambiguity had little to do with it. Indeed, a more ambiguous man might have been more successful at handling the immediate crises of confidence caused by Central Africa, by the Gaullist veto, and by the Prufum scandal. He might, for instance, have had a contingency plan ready against the crack-up of the Federation and the breakdown of the Common Market negotiations; and he might thereby have rendered both of them inevitable from the first, instead of merely probable.

Only in one episode can Macmillan fairly be accused of an abnormal tendency to be ambiguous—abnormal that is, for a Prime Minister. This was the question of his own successor. Different inter-

Britain and Liberal Reunion. The Round Table Conference of 1887. 407pp.
London: Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3 3s.

resignation of Lord Randolph at Christmas, 1886, alarmed the Radicals among the Liberal Unionists and unlocked the door for negotiations between them and the main body of the Liberals.

On the face of things there did not seem any insuperable difficulty in reaching an agreement on Ireland—the agreement seemed likely to run on roughly similar lines to the confederation of provincial legislatures in Canada. But whether the negotiations were doomed from the start on personal grounds is an interesting point which Mr. Hurst does not eagerly answer. Indeed, "who could? There is one pointer in a letter from Lord Randolph to Chamberlain when he says of Gladstone 'the old man is your mortal enemy.' Mr. Hurst is a warm partizan of Chamberlain and consequently of course rather cool eye on the other man." Gladstone was not at the Conference, but his views dominated the table. The negotiations met at Harcourt's house in London, 7 Grafton Street, and sat down at the round table thoughtfully prepared for them by the faithful Lulu Harcourt. The coarser side of Chamberlain is shown in his scorn for his ally at the table, "his coadjutor the baronet" Sir George Otto Trevelyan.

In a way the Round Table Conference is a cautionary tale for all those simple mortals who, at any crisis, cry "Let there be a conference," or "Get round the table". No doubt, as Mr. Hurst says, there is a measure of similarity between

instance, is scanned one syllable stressed another:

Αἶμα φίλοντες ἀπὸ τοῦ
πρῶτου ἀπὸ τοῦ

the fallacy being to suppose
the stress should coincide
the scansion. (In a Sapphic
counterpointing is especially
obvious.) Furthermore, this
is emphasized by the built-
ing words *within* the metrical
(ταύρα) rather than making
coincide (ταείας).

ANTHONY SAMPSON: Macmillan. A

Ambiguity is usually a term of dis-
paragement. It has been applied
both to many British Prime Min-
isters before Harold Macmillan, and to at
least one since. Mr. Sampson himself
uses the word disparagingly of several
other characters in his study. Duties
in 1956 "tried to restrain the British
through the ambiguous device of the
"Illegals' Association".

Now in English, which has an immutable framework of quantities, one half of the meaning is missing *ad infinitum* in the history of the human experience. Words are not, as Gabriel Harvey says, "by their arbitrary quantification, made English language, and by their prosody conform'd to the same date," in the same atmosphere of the time. Words are ambiguous by their very nature. Mr. Sampson's personal distaste is plain. He suggests that what these ambiguous men said and did was not only puzzling to him, but also intended to have a different significance for different people. They were trying to tell things to all men. As to St. Paul, who invented

[illegible]

The alternative was to let the idea of quantity altogether go, and manufacture a beam of light by stress alone. But that is not monotony, and it is not why: take away the emphasis, the elastic tension between stress and quantity, and the strength at once goes out of the work. It was Mr. Day Lewis who gave the solution to the dilemma, by writing a free six-beat line which admitted final half-fee, and was adapted to regular emphasis. But Mr. Selver does not discuss why Lewis, or Professor Kegan, or any of the modern experimenters in his

He also—a most surprising one—has no section on Marx involved in translating tragedy. Claudel's Aeschylus might have supposed, would have disab. At times, indeed, the work reads as though it had just been written about 1930 and fully resurrected. Mr. Selver seems to discuss French translations of Shakespeare without reference to André Gide, and (even more strangely) English versions of Goethe without a word about his own translation by Louis Markes. Indeed, the failure to mention Neice is all the more puzzling.

ROUNDS

MICHAEL HURST : *Joseph Chamberlain*
University of Toronto Press.

This is a detailed examination of the negotiations between the Liberal Unionists and the Liberals in the winter of 1886-87. In the previous summer Gladstone had been defeated in the House of Commons on his first Home Rule bill and was decisively defeated in the ensuing general election. Seventy-eight Liberal MPs, openly dissenting from their leader's Irish policy, threatened to swell the Conservative majority. Those dissident Liberal voters, in outlook from the cautious Hamiltonian to the radical Chamberlain, were the foundations of the Liberal Unionist party; their existence largely explains why, with a short

the idea of *On View*, which is a year annually, is to list the acquisitions of the various public museums and galleries in the British Isles, and to publish a twelve-month periodical edition by means of some kind of reproductions, mostly in the form of a bald list arranged in lists and galleries, another list of exhibitions scheduled during the next months, and an index (figured and plate). This last scheme was sought after for a time in mid July, 1965-July, 1966, to be edited by Ceri Richards (with five months' delay), Bernard Cullen, in Lowry, Bernard Cullen, in Winter and Sir Joshua Reynolds (four each). *On View* is published by Plaisiow Publications, 100 Plaisiow Road, Surbiton, Surrey.

had very little in its by intention at least with literature in the "pure" sense—a peculiarly modern and perhaps equally conditioned concept.

The whole attitude to translation, in fact, whatever its period, is profoundly anti-historical. This tendency explains a good deal that at first sight must seem merely perverse. If a translator assumes that his occupation, far from being a mere technical aid to surmount linguistic barriers, is an ideal art in its own right, he may be forgiven for developing what Mr. Terence Ratigan once described as *des idées au-dessus de sa sure*. In the last resort, most theories of translation are mere justificatory pleas for the translator's own arbitrary and self-flattering fancies—as when Dryden claimed that his versions were what an ancient author would probably have written "if he were living, and an Englishman". To which one is tempted to respond: "*Et alors?*"

upon the translation of poetry are going to be very considerable. The most obvious concerns what we may call the "particularist" approach—that is, the belief that a poem's "meaning" can be skimmed off like so much cream, preferably in prose. But if form and meaning are indissoluble, the argument in favour of prose as a medium for translating poetry at once collapses. (There is also the matter of prosaic as against poetic logic as a mode of expression, but this is too complex to examine here in any detail.) Mr. Selver discusses the problem in his next section, but without once referring back to Lewes's remarks, which would have settled the argument in a paragraph. Instead he offers us a variety of unsubstantiated opinions, from Tytler, Adolphus Murry, and Max Beerbaum, plus an excellent French verse translation of *La Belle Dame sans Merci* and an execrable prose version of Swinburne's *Laut l'éternité*.

On the whole, however, this piecemeal, narcissistic approach in translation is appropriate enough for England, where it fits in comfortably with that famous trio of local cultural shibboleths — amateurism, empiricism, and parish-pump aesthetics. It is only when the *ad hoc* theories generated by one period come to dominate the translations of another that there is legitimate cause for alarm—and then, primarily, because no obvious way of correcting the trend lies to hand. Transition must be one of the very few disciplines left today which wholly lack a coherent critical tradition. Hence the somewhat surprising split between those who assume that

translation is child's play, that anyone could do it if they tried, and those idealists who treat it as a total impossibility: *traduttore, traditore*.

* * *

What no one seems willing to do is to study it against its context and background as a developing historical phenomenon. We have handbooks on the art of translation, most of them arbitrary in their assumptions and mutually contradictory when they get down to brass tacks. Despite its title, Mr. Paul Selver's *The Art of Translating* is a

really belong in this category: it is, rather, a select anthology of good and bad translations, accompanied by brief technical notes. As such it stands on the shelf beside J. B. Leishman's excellent (and far more scholarly) study *On Translating 'Paradise Lost'*, or Th. Kakridis's *To Metamorphosein*. But reading it, I feel that there does not exist, in any common European language, a wholly adequate *history* of translation. The omission is lamentable and, one fears, symptomatic.

The absence of such basic background study means that any critical approach to the subject will, almost inevitably, lack perspective and coherence. On this count Mr. Selver's useful little book cannot be wholly excused. Its author is a practicing translator of poetry, with a formidable number of languages at his command, including French, German, Italian, Russian, Polish, Czech, and Croato-Serbo-Croat, Danish, and Norwegian. Perhaps because of this he remains all at ease with theoretical or critical analysis, often reducing such matters beyond the bare minimum which the situation demands. He is continually raising important questions which he then fails to answer. Mostly, one feels, because he has no notion of translation as a cultural phenomenon which evolves and changes as a constantly changing background.

Moreover, he sometimes fails to stress the importance of the passages which he himself quotes. In the first pages of his book he prints a full extract from G. H. Lewes's edition of Goethe, which includes the following words:

In a poem meaning and form are indissoluble as soul and body; and form cannot be reproduced without the meaning. If, therefore, the words are not, as in prose, the representatives of objects and things, they are parts of an organic whole, and cannot be separated without confusion. Ideas, confusedly expressed in Mr. Selver's comment, can only disagree. Lewes, as so often, was ahead of his time. It is only recently that a poem has been generally recognized as this indissoluble whole, in which the elements of rhythm, sense, word-order, imagery, and verbal texture all fuse together, and cannot be separated out without destroying the total impact. It is only now that the effects of such an attitude

As a working-translator, Mr. Selver might at least have given his bewildered readers the central key to this puzzle, instead of piling on increasingly banal extracts from Longfellow and Klopstock. He begins, very properly, by pointing out that most modern prosody depends on syllabic stress, whereas that of the Greeks and Romans was governed by fixed vowel-quantities. What he does not go on to say is that the spring and variety of the classical hexameter are produced by counterpointing quantity and stress, by offsetting them one against the other.

The first line of the poem is

of which Paul Seiver quotes in *The Art of Translating Poetry*; but then translators have seldom been remarkable for their logical consistency—and since they have mostly made up their own logic as they went along, this is not altogether surprising.

The irony of such a situation scarcely requires emphasis. It is, precisely, the overwhelming majority of *non-literary* translations in which all that matters is the "message," the denotational contents of the text; the one striking exception to this rule lies in the field of literary translation, above all in the translation of poetry. So, by a curious accident, generations of literary translators have, for the most part, ignored or skimmed over those special problems which they alone are required to solve. Only the lack of historical insight could exempt us—let alone a recent rhymed couplet convey even the remotest notion of Propertius' elegiacs. We are still following the tradition of translation-as-passive, long after the special conditions which produced it have passed away.

Translations, in fact, are conditioned—to a far greater extent than has been generally admitted—by their immediate cultural context. There is nothing intrinsically wrong about this: on the contrary, error springs from a refusal to recognize the fact. To foist obsolete conventions on the reader is bad enough; to set them up as artistic canons is to compound the error. The urge to treat creative art *sub specie aeternitatis* too often distorts historical perspective, a truth of which those who embark upon Aristotle's *Poetics* soon become uneasily aware. The ultimate artistic validity of any translation—or, a fortiori, my theory of translation—is even more restricted. But this does not stop translators making, and the glibly believing, endless generalizations which the historical facts fail to sustain.

It is widely assumed, for example, that the Elizabethan Age in England saw a great efflorescence of literary translation. Whibley's peneegyric in the *Cambridge History of English Literature* is typical: "The translators of Elizabeth's age," he wrote, pursued their craft in the spirit of bold adventure which animated Drake and Hawkins; it was their ambition to discover new worlds of thought and knowledge to plant their colonies of intellect where they might, or to bring back to our English shores some eloquent stranger whom their industry had taught to speak with our English

But when we get down to brute facts, the "spirit of bold adventure" almost entirely evaporates. Not a line of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Aristotle, or even Seneca, in Lord Berners's introduction to his version of Froissart's *Chronicles*. Translation for these men was a practical matter, aimed at spreading knowledge or propaganda of one sort or another.

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KURT W. FORSTER: *Pontormo*. Monograph mit kritischem Katalog. 161pp. 107 plates. Munich: Bruckmann, DM.36.

"Pontormo, who had it in him to be a decorator and portrait-painter of the highest rank, was led astray by his awe-struck admiration for Michelangelo, and ended as an academic constructor of monstrous nudes." So said Berenson in his essay on the *Florentine Painters of the Renaissance*, first published as long ago as 1896, although reprinted many times subsequently. While Berenson admired the freshness of Pontormo's fresco of *Verdugo* and *Pomona* at Poggio a Caiano, he saw the artist left in Florence after Botticelli and Leonardo, among whom he names Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, Pontormo and Bronzino, as painters whose talents, "instead of being permitted to flower naturally, were scorched by the passion for showing off dexterity, blighted by academic ideals, and uprooted by the whirlwind force of Michelangelo." This not only states very well the *fin-de-siècle* version to the course that painting took in Florence after the achievements of what is called the High Renaissance but also the generally accepted prejudice against these new trends that have had common currency until very recently. There has been a major shift in critical opinion, away from the view that the art of the High Renaissance should be seen as sharply divided from subsequent developments, and towards one in which the achievements of the first generation of Mannerists, the *primi manneristi*, are seen to be a normal development of the works of Leonardo, Raphael and the established masters of the High Renaissance.

Pontormo was one of the principal successors of these great figures. He, in fact, played an important role as an innovator, and the evolution of his very individual style was a crucial formative factor in the creation of the new forms of expression in painting. These eventually became stylized clichés under the very self-conscious Vasari and his associates, but before this petrification occurred a great era of Florentine painting

took place in which Pontormo played a decisive role as an artist of highly individual creative genius.

Professor Forster's book is the first general survey of Pontormo's life and work since the publication of F. M. Clapp's line pioneering monograph on him published in 1916, and as such is a welcome addition to the literature in this field. Some notable critical studies of aspects of his work have appeared in the interval, in particular further editions of Berenson's corpus of Florentine drawings, which had first appeared in 1903. The exhibition held in 1956 in Florence, *Pontormo e del primo manierismo*, was not only of considerable scholarly interest but also seems to have stimulated the appetite of a wider audience for Mannerist art, which had been under a cloud for so long. The most recent, and in some ways the most important, of the intervening contributions to our knowledge and appreciation of Pontormo's work is Mrs. Janet Cox Rorick's *The Drawings of Pontormo*, throws a new and penetrating light on many of the wider aspects of his artistic development.

As well as being a critical synthesis of previous scholarship, this latest contribution from Professor Forster is an attempt to provide the reader with an insight into the cultural and religious background to Pontormo's artistic activity, in addition to a stylistic appraisal of individual works and their stylistic relation one to another. In the same spirit he investigates the possible iconographic basis for the scheme of decoration in the Villa at Poggio a Caiano. The relationship of the theological ideas of the reforming elements of the Church in Italy to the scheme of decoration in the choir of San Lorenzo that occupied Pontormo during his last years and was left unfinished at his death, gives us an insight into some of the ideas which had currency among his friends while he was at work on this commission. It may have been his most remarkable project but, alas, it no longer survives. There are, however, a number of drawings for it which certainly suggest that this was Pontormo at his most audacious, and they give us a very good idea of the general appearance of the chapel. From one or two other pieces of evidence one can be fairly sure of the arrangement of the scheme of decoration although Mrs. Cox Rorick's argued basis for the debatable parts of the reconstruction seems

rather more convincing than that advanced by Professor Forster, who also omits a part of the original scheme, the "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence", from his reconstruction. This apparently occupied the central lower part of the end wall of the chapel and was completed by Bronzino, who worked on and completed the whole scheme of decoration after Pontormo's death. The drawings are, of course, not just of use in the scholarly work of reconstructing lost schemes of decoration. Their study is vital for a close acquaintance with Pontormo's individuality. They take one into a strange and often very moving world of intense and agitated detail and tell us, in addition, a good deal about his evolution, even showing us on occasion how he has anticipated by several years some development which only becomes apparent at a later stage in his painting.

Pontormo developed as a young man very much as a talented, if somewhat eccentric, younger colleague of Andrea del Sarto, and until his work gained its full maturity it proceeded along parallel lines to that of the older artist, although with considerably less fluency of expression. After collaborating in producing the scheme of decorative panels for a room in the Palazzo Borgherini, he finally emerges as a fully mature master in 1518 with the painting of his *Visdomini altar-piece*.

We find that in general the survey of Pontormo's career follows a fairly predictable course and due emphasis is given to the impact that Dürer's and Michelangelo's work had upon him. While no new unexpected attributions are advanced a number of works are rightly omitted or rejected. At times, however, the discussion does seem short-winded over such points, as when, for example, the *Leningrad Madonna* and its related sketch are dismissed in a few words. This contrasts sharply with occasional passages of excessively prolix philosophical discussion which are not very helpful to the reader.

The book has unfortunately suffered somewhat from its rather cramped style of production, with inadequate margins for both the text and plates. The publication would have gained immeasurably, even though it does form part of a series, if a larger format had been employed, as the majority of Pontormo's paintings do require reproduction on a fairly large scale. It is no answer to run the plates across the fold as is done several times here.

PICTURE REPORTING

PAUL HOGARTH: *The Artist as Reporter*. 96pp. Studio Vista. 12s. 6d.

Literature on illustration has always been scanty. There come to mind certain essays by Baudelaire and Thackeray, a host of specialist articles in specialist periodicals, and a series of monographs on outstanding historical personalities, rewritten by various hands for successive generations in the light of changing taste. Only in recent years have there been serious attempts to be more comprehensive. Evidently the subject spreads too widely to encourage research and analysis. Ranging as it does from manuscripts to newspapers, broadsheets to the glossy, *Voford* to *Batman*, or *Alderman Boydell*, it has a vital but rather flavourless perhaps unlikely to appeal to scholars.

So long as this remains the case, the most valuable qualifications for anyone attempting to cope with a mass of material that has never been properly related to its historical, artistic or social backgrounds, are probably intuition, enthusiasm and a sense of purpose: even perhaps an axe to grind. These qualities are at least as often found in illustrators themselves as in historians. Who therefore better than Mr. Paul Hogarth to frame a survey of the reportorial function of illustration which he has made so very much his own? His book is in fact a pioneer work, and the authority, the dedication, the breezy conviction he brings to the task naturally produce a far livelier, more urgent, and more relevant, in some respects less punctilious, little book than could be expected from any run-of-the-mill professional pundit, sailing such

unfamiliar, such extensive and such uncharted waters. Everyone knows all about Cruikshank, John Leech and Punch, but the triumphs and the names of the pictorial reporters of the *Illustrated London News* are (apart from Constantin Guys) largely forgotten. Mr. Hogarth brings to the notice of the reader not only the unspectacularly vivid journalistic activities of Arthur Boyd Houghton but also, using heroes like Special (War) Artist Frederick Villiers, who was told by his superior that if he got himself killed he would be an infernal fool, as well as some valuable sidelights on artists working for European and American magazines from the birth of Impressionism onwards, a subject he treats with the assurance born of wide knowledge. He is confident of the future of drawing as a personal method of recording and committing to life. This book is recommended for anyone interested in the history of the employment of artists to inform the public of social habits and historical events especially of the early nineteenth century onwards, when devotion to the methods of reproduction first made it really possible for this branch of the arts to flourish. It is agreeable in format and more than adequately illustrated.

Bulzoni Editore, Rome, have published *Rapporto 60* by Maurizio Fagiolo dell'Arco at 7,000 lire. It is a survey of recent Italian painting and sculpture. Its 394 pages are liberally illustrated and there are fourteen colour plates.

CUTTING THE COAT

John Ross. 441pp. Including 352 colour plates and 796 black and white illustrations. Thames and Hudson. 28 sh.

For too many books on costume in recent years have attempted to cover in one volume, large or small, its history in Europe from classical times until the present day, but here at last is one which should be a standard work for many years to come.

This book is the culmination of François Boucher's lifelong study of historical costume. After retirement from his curatorship at the Musée Carnavalet in Paris at the end of the war, he established a society "Union Française des Arts du Costume" to promote the collection and study of costume in France, with the object of setting up a museum of costume in Paris. Until his death at the end of last year, he worked with great energy, collecting not only costume but also support for his scheme from the textile and the French textile industries. Success came nearer in 1962 when the Paris Chamber of Commerce formed the Centre de Documentation du Costume when M. Boucher as director, and although the full achievement of the museum is still in the future, the collection, the documentation, the headquarters and the enthusiasm for it are there as a result of his untiring efforts for the past twenty years. And we also have this book.

It took ten years to prepare. In the preface Boucher tells us what he has attempted to do:

This work does not claim to be a complete and exhaustive history of costume in all periods and in all countries: it sets out to define, within a limited area, the essential characteristics of the forms taken by costume in the Western world, to discover the conditions in which these forms evolved and the causes behind the changes they underwent, and to trace the lines along which innovations spread and interpenetrated.

There are chapters on prehistoric costume, costume in the ancient East, in the Mediterranean during the classical periods, then on costume in Europe from prehistoric times to the present century. Although French costume, naturally, takes first place against the European background, the dress of other countries is examined and special influences or divergences discussed. For

instance, the complexity of change and its link with political and commercial influences in the inter-relation of French and English fashion in the eighteenth century and during the revolutionary period. Boucher not only catches the spirit of the time, but also the technical innovations which deeply buried beneath the leisure of fashion.

The authors who have this are often little concerned with details of dress, but Boucher, an eye which nothing escapes, can turn from a discussion of the society of early eighteenth-century France to point out a detail of Watteau painting. The sleeve of this model is particularly interesting as it has vertical folds falling to the shoulder and a button sewn into the sleeve. Yet critical assessment of the sources is always there: it is always difficult to use a work to establish precisely a detail.

The illustrations, generous in quantity and masterly in selection, are beautifully reproduced in colour in black-and-white. Each fully documented and descriptive entry on them moves swiftly and stylishly to style pointing out the detail. The historical and the technical costume emerges from the illustrations alone.

It is not surprising in so running a text that a few errors escaped correction: for instance, dating of plate 707 should be "seventeenth century" not "eighteenth century", and in the *polonaise* (page 430) "Alber" must be a misprint for 1864.

As M. Boucher himself remarks in his preface, more detailed work in different countries will show clearly the relationships of fashion dealt with here but not examined in depth. Impressive and important the book is in itself, it also opens way for further research.

SWANNING ROUND THE SALON

PHILIPPE JULIAN: *The Collectors*. 182pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. Translated by Michael C. 25s.

"I like," says M. Julian, "the luxury, elegance or folly born from the union of money with good taste or stupidity"; and if in this frolicsome ramble round the collecting scene he has more to say about the latter combination than the former, his generally deflationary approach is thoughtful as well as affable and he has, even in translation, a lively turn of phrase. For example: "The work of art has that in common with the Camembert label: it is not useful" or "Those grapes are too green" are the words of a connoisseur, or "Presented with a collection of a mediocre trying all courtesy, one may say: 'Oh, you like Buffet. In the same style I prefer Russell Flint'." And the dictionary which occupies the last fifty pages includes some neat entries: "*Carpet*. People may be said to collect them when they put them on their walls instead of on their floors. *Enamel*. Lugu-

brions but rich. *Medals*. Numismatics is the philately of distinguished persons. *Pewter*. *Re de luxe*. *Statues*. Even if one's very large garden, a collection of statues always looks like a cemetery."

This would be a salutary book to anyone who took his collecting seriously, and it should be required reading for the status-symbols. But the translator and the publisher have passed far too many misspelled names for so short a writer: Maurithus, John de Havemayer, Kharwell, Bernat, these are just better: Mr. Misspell Dr. Panofsky, Mr. Ford, Mr. Joseph C. Hirschman, Henry Melhenny, Mr. Robert L. mnn, Missa Serl and—M. Julian into serious trouble in next swanning tour of the salons.

OBJECTS OF ART

RAYMOND LESTER: *Great Works of Craftsmanship*. 206pp. G. Bell. 20s.

The word craftsmanship can be as dreary as some of the objects to which it can be applied—for instance, those nagging, fussy, endlessly boring carvings in which mere dexterity is not the servant of a disciplined imagination, or drawings in which nature is imitated so realistically that we feel instinctively that the job could be done much better by a camera. Raymond Lester takes a dozen objects as different. In time and material: as the Throne of Tutankhamen, the Paladian Bridge at Wilton House and the Penny Black postage stamp—and talks about them, their origin, use, meaning (if any), relationship to their age and more particularly to the technical methods used in their creation. We learn, for instance, how large blocks of stone are cut, how the famous first postage stamp was printed, how the

lovely coins of Syracuse were produced. The final essay in this stimulating survey deals with two engraved plates by Laurence Whistler, the artist's own vivid descriptions of his work on glass and his fascinating confession: "When I began to scratch glass I knew nothing, but art or if its history. I was not that it had flourished in the East, and seventeenth centuries. I had heard of Vereloff!"

The book is filled with out-of-way knowledge, the result of wide reading, and is all the more stimulating because the pleasure of the author derives from each of the things he illustrates is obvious in every page. The illustrations of the objects with the exception of the tapestries of Syracuse by Enlène and Kilmory are the normal half-tone photographs and are not suited to such material.

BOOK AND BOOKMEN

GEORGE GISSING: *New Grub Street*. Introduction by John Gross. 425pp. Bodley Head. 35s.

"Letter from Smith & Elder", George Gissing noted in his diary on January 7, 1891. "They think *New Grub Street* clever and original. I wrote it once accepting the idea. The note suggests both the background of the novel and Gissing's reason for writing it. He was intensely conscious of reaching honourable means of reaching the literary world and also indignant that his own careful writing!" At the end of a lifetime one will perhaps manage a page that is decently grammatical and fairly harmonious," he wrote to his brother at this time should get so little reward. In fact the reward was far from negligible by the time he wrote *New Grub Street*. Mr. John Gross is slightly misleading when he says it is a generally perceptive introduction that Gissing had been "averaging" £50 a book before *New Grub Street*, for his two previous books had earned £100 and £150. This amount several times to reach a modern equivalent and it will be realised that Gissing was, as he remained, a reasonably successful author.

Nevertheless, he did not regard himself in this light. Several demons sat on his shoulder. He might lose creative power and become unable to write, he might go blind, his health might worsen so that he turned into a permanent invalid. These fears appear in the fates of Edwin Reardon and Alfred Yule in *New Grub Street*, and to exorcize them he scribbled the literary world of the time.

As Mr. Gross says, it was a decade when "the communications industry first began to assume its modern proportions", and one fascinating thing about Gissing's account of this world is the detail with which he describes it. How much will one be paid for an article in the *Wayside* or the *Chronicle*? Will Fudge be able to retain his position of the *Study* after printing a favourable review of a novel abused in the paper three weeks earlier? Is Frank's "Essay on the Historical Drama" likely to have any success? One might be playing shot in who's out at a literary

cocktail party. It would be a mistake to think that Gissing viewed this world realistically. The editors of and contributors to literary magazines, in the 1880s or today, are not so time-serving nor so vicious as he makes them appear. They are more honest, and perhaps duller. But for Gissing those inside the charmed circle were by definition corrupt and worthless and those outside must have been defeated by their own integrity. The only exceptions are figures like Whelpdale who, after his novel has been "refused on all hands", becomes a contemptible servant of the new commercialism and ends as editor of *Chit Chat*, Gissing's counterpart of *Ti Bits*.

Into this half-imaginary world Gissing placed a half-imaginary self: Edwin Reardon, a novelist of integrity whose springs dry up so that he ceases to write. The portrait of Reardon the failure is contrasted to that of the successful literary journalist Jasper Milvain who maintains that "literature nowadays is a trade" and that the tradesman thinks first and foremost of the markets: when one kind of goods begins to go off slowly, he is ready with something new and appealing."

The book's power springs from the very lack of balance with which these main characters are seen. Reardon's behaviour is wretched judged by almost any standards. Unable to write and continually bemoaning his own condition and that of the literary world, he reproaches his wife Amy bitterly for her failure to love him. The idea that he has any responsibility towards Amy or should feel any affection for their son Willie ("the poor little fellow has no great place in my heart", Reardon says when he learns that Willie has diphtheria) never occurs to Gissing, and when eventually Reardon goes back to his job as a hospital clerk at twenty-five shillings a week, insists upon giving Amy half his money and appears before her shabbily dressed, he thinks with relief that she will now understand what it means to live on twelve and

sixpence a week. Reardon's solution for his problems is a purely emotional one. Like Gissing he demands the healing power of love, and when practical Amy suggests that he should go away alone to the sea and try to write he regards this as one more proof that she does not love him.

The portrait of "Jasper of the facile pen" is similarly loaded. Jasper certainly behaves badly in his attempts to marry for money, but in other ways he is shown simply as a man who wants to put his writing skills to commercial use. Lacking original talent, he is still able to appreciate good work. He arranges for the posthumous issue of Reardon's novels and writes an enthusiastic article about him—in Gissing's terms a final irony, but one likely to strike the reader as a small mark of virtue.

It is never possible to see *New Grub Street* without thinking of Gissing's own problems, but this increases rather than diminishes its power. Like Frederick Rolfe Baron Corvo he spun fiction out of his own life, but he did so far more effectively, partly through his ability to set down the real world in which he lived in all its banal detail, but primarily because of the tender longing for a true human relationship expressed in all his best novels. It is not possible to acquit Gissing of the charge of priggishness often made against him (the defined *prig* in his *Commonplace Book* as "a word used by the vulgar to stigmatize a man who thinks 'I, but then it is not necessary. His defects, like priggishness and lack of humour, are more than balanced by the deep serious tenderness in his writing. He really had something to say about the condition of society and of humanity in the Victorian age and in half a dozen books, among which *New Grub Street*, *The Odd Women* and *The Whirlpool* would certainly have to be included, he said these things with a passion that sprang partly from his own flaws of character and temperament. He is not one of the greatest English novelists, but in his own way and on his own ground he is unique.

GALACTIVITIES

KATE WILHELM: *The Killing Thing*. 174pp. Herbert Jenkins. 18s.
POUL ANDERSON: *The Trouble Twisters*. 191pp. Gollancz. 21s.
PHILIP K. DICK: *The Penultimate Truth*. 254pp. Cape. 25s.
L.P. DAVIES: *Twilight Journey*. 191pp. Herbert Jenkins. 18s.
MICHAEL GRAY: *Minutes to Impact*. 163pp. Corgi. 21s.
PHYLLIS MARIE WADSWORTH: *Overmind*. 284pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. 21s.

Having for some time prognosticated the inevitable destruction of this planet, our crystal-gazing fabulists are now turning their attention to the ethnological reasons for this. And to most cases they emerge with the metal realization that homankind, as far from being the highest form of organic life, is in fact a sport, a freak, a rogue element in the cosmic order, deserving nothing but annihilation, except in rare cases where redemption by higher galactic powers allows translation into a totally different "etheric" sphere of being. In other words, the scientific imagination has reached the margin where it melts out into mysticism.

In Miss Wilhelm's tautly constructed fable of suspense, Captain "Trick", professional soldier in the space navy of the World Group, stranded on an uncharted and lifeless planet and the helpless quarry of an impenetrable killer-robot who has been commissioned to destroy. After agonizing days of desperate evasion and introspection, the lone "trick" realizes that he himself, programmed from boyhood for destruction and devastation, is but a differentiated form of his fabricated enemy.

With Mr. Poul Anderson we are once again way out with the intergalactic space merchants. In three interlinked stories he demonstrates as well as ever his para-ethnological ingenuity in inventing alien cultures appropriate to remote physical and historical conditions. Here

ngnio, the humans among the space adventurers are made to feel somehow mean and inferior, and what superiority they possess in technical expertise is shown to be either fraudulent or destructive. Lessons in tolerance and diplomacy must be learnt from reptiles or feline creatures from other planets.

Mr. Dick packs too many technological complexities and unresolved ideas into a cloistered style to make for easy reading. There is a curious moral ambiguity underlying his story of a gigantic worldwide deception perpetrated through the medium of television upon a population living permanently underground in the belief that nuclear war is still raging on the surface, waged by robots manufactured by them in their subterranean workshops. This illusion is maintained elaborately by an elite, under the domination of an artificially sustained monster, who can thus enjoy the possession of vast demesnes of untrammelled earth, served by the very robots being turned out by the deluded troglodytes. The means and motives by which the delusion is broken and what the consequences will be are left exasperatingly confused, but the ultimate impression bodes little hope of good for the race in general: it would seem that the illusory war will now be turned into a real one, in other words it would be better for earth if the vast majority of us really were imprisoned permanently beneath its surface.

Mr. Davies is obsessed by the workings at dream-level of the mind, and *Twilight Journey* explores with

nightmare clarity techniques of subliminal suggestion and its political dangers. Dr. Clayton Solan, the inventor of the dream-induction method, withdraws from the project when he discovers that it is being ministerially exploited, and subsequently submits himself, under changed identity, to a subliminal journey in an effort to confirm an antidote to its mind-mastery effect. The force of this hypnotic idea is somewhat weakened by a curiously stilted style, as if the author was himself nervous of succumbing to his own fantasy.

Mr. Gray is pure Bond pastiche, with all the tarnished trimmings. Presumably in an effort to outdo his prototype in one respect, the sadism is drawn out for chapter after chapter, and the various Service chiefs, ministers, and heads of State are more mutton-headed than even Ian Fleming could make them. The style is more Sapper than Fleming, anyway.

Mrs. Wadsworth writes, with a starry-eyed naïveté which is almost comic. Superheroes from Venus have established communication with a group of schoolboys living in a cottage in Devon. These they instruct in nightly sessions in the secrets of the Universe, a glorious *vacation* of parapsychology, occultism, astrology, hypnology, mysticism, ESP and the music of the spheres. From time to time Tailbard, de Chardin is ecstatically invoked, and there is, of course, a transcendental love-affair made in Venus, and destined to inaugurate a new generation of super-babies.

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WILFRED KNAPP: *A History of War and Peace, 1939-1965*. 639pp. Oxford University Press, for Chatham House. £3 3s.

At the outbreak of the Second World War, Chatham House published a *Short History of International Affairs* by Mr. G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, covering the inter-war years. It bore the same kind of relation to the annual *Survey* that a quarter-inch Ordnance Survey map bears to the larger scale. Mr. Wilfred Knapp's book looks like a repetition of the same useful exercise for the subsequent era, though it is not expressly so labelled. He evidently relies heavily on the post-war *Survey of International Affairs*, but also on many other published sources as well, which are much more copious than at the corresponding date before the war. In acknowledging his debt to other scholars, he writes that "in a real sense, this book is drawn from the life of a great university". His testimonial confirms that the scholarship of Oxford is still judicious, sober and accurate, but suggests that it may sometimes lack vision and imagination.

Nothing is omitted, nothing distorted, and much extenuated by Mr. Knapp's humane and charitable judgment. Verdicts are few and generally orthodox. The essential facts are tidily arranged round a few crucial themes—the wartime alliance, the cold war, the successive crises in the Middle East, the Far East, South-east Asia, Europe, Africa; then the Common Market,

DATED FACTS

ELLEN J. HAMMER: *The Struggle for Indochina, 1940-1955*. 373pp. Stanford University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3 8s.

The people of Southern Viet Nam can neither be bribed nor intimidated to join forces with the West against the Communists, but they certainly would do so if they were permitted, through the achievement of unity in conditions of freedom, to enjoy the liberties which they cannot have under Communism. It would be well not to underestimate the ability of the Vietnamese to govern themselves and to fight for what he believes in—if he is given something in which

to believe by his own independent leaders.

With this interesting judgment Dr. Hammer ended the postscript which she wrote in 1955 to *The Struggle for Indochina* which appeared in 1954. At the time Dr. Hammer was almost alone in the field. There had been little serious analysis in English of the problem of Vietnam, which had until the Geneva Conference of 1954 mainly concerned the French, and the French had mostly been too busy to analyse. Her book was highly critical of the French and British record in Indo-China; it was in many ways grossly unfair, it omitted important facts, it contained inaccuracies, and the postscript, which included a superficial account of the Geneva Conference of 1954, bore signs of hurried, ill-organized writing. However, considering the paucity of her sources, the author had done quite well. Her book was a reasonable, if biased, account of the immediate past and it was rightly called "the most authoritative work on the subject in English" and "an indispensable source", because there was little else.

There is, however, no paucity of sources today. General de Gaulle, Lnd Avon, President Eisenhower, General Navarre and Ely, to name only a few of those intimately concerned, have all made substantial personal contributions which were not available when Dr. Hammer wrote her book. These should have enabled her to correct errors of fact and interpretation, and to modify judgments made, to some cases, within months of the event. This more recent work of the late Bernard Fall and the account of the ending of French rule in Indo-China written by M. Lacouture and M. Devillers in 1960 are both indispensable to an understanding of the period, while Donald Lincaster's elegant and authoritative *The Emancipation of French Indo-China*, published in 1961, has entirely superseded Dr. Hammer.

It is thus surprising to learn from the preface that, except for "slight modifications" in sequence in the last three pages, the present work is exactly what was published in 1954 and 1955. The author herself appears to find merit in this and her publishers say her book "remains the standard work on the complex background of the present conflict in Vietnam". This is nonsense. The book should not have been reissued without radical revision. The relevance of its final paragraph to the different situation today is worthy of note, but as a whole *The Struggle for Indochina, 1940-1955* is simply twelve years less useful, even for its American perspective, than it was. There is no bibliography.

VISA FOR HANOI

HARRISON F. SALISBURY: *Behind the Lines—Hanoi*. December 23, 1966—January 7, 1967. 243pp. Warburg. 30s.

In the late spring and early summer of 1966 Harrison Salisbury travelled round the periphery of China, looking at that great country from the viewpoints of its neighbours. The journey was described in the excellent *Order of China*. Mr. Salisbury saw the situation in China, with the problem of food and population making, he thought, Chinese aggressiveness inevitable, as a serious short to medium-term danger to world peace. In the shadow of this danger the American preoccupation with Vietnam appeared foolish and irrelevant. If real disaster was to be averted all the diplomatic skill of the United States must be exercised so that mutual confidence might be restored and so that China might be helped to solve her problem without provoking a major catastrophe. Now, in the book of the dispatches from Hanoi which aroused much attention at the beginning of the year, the same author finds the rulers of North Vietnam so disturbed by the crazy chaos of China's Cultural Revolution and by her increasingly embittered relations with Russia that they are genuinely anxious to negotiate an end to the war in Vietnam.

Mr. Salisbury saw an indication of the North Vietnamese attitude in the very fact that he was given a visa for Hanoi. He is not of course a hawk, but even the hawks would not seriously suggest that his concern is for anything but the interests of his own country. Hanoi, he felt, had a message to pass through someone who was certain to be taken seriously in the West. Hence the visa, and hence four and a half hours of conversation with the North Vietnamese premier, Pham Van Dong. It may be that too much is made of this, that the author exaggerates the significance of his luck: certainly the difficulties of getting to Hanoi take up too much of his space. Even so the book had to be written and a good deal of it needs to be read.

The author reached Hanoi on December 23, 1966, and left on January 7, 1967. His most important conclusions are that the bombing of North Vietnam is counter-productive, that the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam is not a puppet of Hanoi, and that the North Vietnamese would negotiate an end to the war which would be acceptable to the United States if they were given a chance. He is clearly anxious not to produce a hardening of hawkish attitudes and his language is greily moderate throughout.

The bombing, he says, is damaging the rural economy of North Vietnam by taking labour from the ricefields for the immense effort required to keep communications in repair. It is making military movement southwards more difficult but may well not have reduced it. The damage is very extensive to inhabited localities in general; in the Delta area he visited he found that virtually every building of more than one storey appeared to have been a target, mostly without obvious military reason. The destruction seemed so more concentrated than in the Second World War, official claim that new bombing methods of pinpoint accuracy were being used. It has been suggested that the author failed to distinguish between ruins left by the French in 1954 with those caused by the bombing. This is hardly likely in a climate where ruins deteriorate rapidly even if they are not overgrown.

Homes, houses and purely civilian areas of cities were vanishing under the impact of American air power. The "homeliness" of the American air effort produced the same desolate countryside, wounded and mangled men, women and children which had been the inevitable characteristic of the air war in Europe and Asia during World War II.

Both in Hanoi, where there was undoubtedly bomb damage on December 13/14, 1966, and elsewhere the air raids were causing a remarkable "pull" of the blitz, which was powerfully reinforcing the national exercise was counter-productive. The author was impressed by the nationalist bias of North Vietnamese ideology and the extent to which the victory of Dien Bien Phu is given mythological significance in popular culture. The tendency is to look for a Dien Bien Phu analogy in the present struggle with the United

States, to the point that the fundamental differences between 1954 and 1967 are ignored. The same anti-like application which succeeded against the French cannot, the Vietnamese feel, fail against the Americans, whose morale they think is already cracking. Mr. Salisbury could make little headway against these misconceptions. He found considerable differences in sophistication, political outlook, and political prominence between the North Vietnamese Government and the mission of the National Liberation Front in Hanoi, which he regarded as evidence of the Front's valid South Vietnamese nature.

... the more I examined the situation, the more I wondered whether it would not be possible to construct around the Front a government, which would possess precisely that element which all the Southern governments, beginning with that of Dien Hieu, lacked: political viability. I was by no means convinced that given the appropriate circumstances this government need, necessarily, be dominated by the Communists.

As for reunification of north and south, "it seemed clear to me that not only would it be quite a few years before reunification occurred, but that it also might never occur."

On January 2, 1967, the author was received by the North Vietnamese Prime Minister, having submitted questions for all three of the main leaders in advance. Pham Van Dong, perhaps designedly, gave an impression of confidence. It was clear that a crisis had been created in the country by the bombing in its early stages; but this had evidently been overcome. The north, he said, could continue to withstand increasing American pressure and was ready for it, even up to the destruction of its two main cities; the commitment of massive American ground forces in South Vietnam had not tilted the balance against the Vietcong, whose popular support continued to grow. The United States had started the war by attacking North Vietnam; to stop the war all that was necessary was to stop this attack; pressed to say what North Vietnam would do then, the premier made it clear "in specific words that North Vietnam would not stand with folded hands if the United States actually were to halt the bombing unconditionally."

If not, a moment might come when Chinese volunteers would be accepted. The conditions were not specified, but the impression was consistent with what the author had already been told:

If the United States crossed the 17th parallel on land, if we made amphibious landings on the coast in the North, or if we carried out operations "on close to China"—whatever that meant—the volunteers would come in.

Much else was said, not all of it for public consumption. Mr. Salisbury gave his own ideas, the main problem in moving towards a settlement was lack of confidence between the two sides and that this could only be solved by continued private, secret, low-pitched discussions on a completely unofficial basis.

Let diplomats or spokesmen for both sides explore... if there was reason to believe that public talks could get about.

ON YOUR MARX

Essential Writings of Karl Marx. Edited by David Held. 254pp. MacGibbon and Kee. £2 2s. (Paperback, 30s. 6d. Panther.)

David Caute's compilation raises the question whether the thought of a great writer can be effectively "introduced" by means of a series of brief snippets from his works, however intelligently "chosen" and well arranged. There can be no doubt that Dr. Caute has worked hard at his editorial job. The extracts cover every facet of Marx's thought and are laid out in a manner that illustrates its evolution. The connecting passages, although brief, make for cohesion and assist intelligibility. Yet one may well ask whether the job itself ought to have been attempted; for those who set out to use this book as no introduction are not likely to go far before suffering from acute mental indigestion.

Indeed, nothing could be better calculated to convince the comparatively innocent reader that Marx was an exponent of sublime mysticism and nonsense of the most rebarbatively Hegelian kind than to begin, as

somewhere, then—but only because the announcement be made.

There was no positive response. The author concluded that less than North Vietnam is ready to explore seriously the possibility of hostilities to an end. The need for this change is not the best of the picking crisis. The emphasis on the Sino-Soviet dispute was a thing difficult enough for Hanoi, while the knowledge of French and love of France which he then acquired through the pattern of his life, by temperament, not unduly impressed by established authority, self-reliant, quick and argumentative, urbane, charming and capable of bloody-mindedness. With all this goes an ability to express himself and a feeling for language; qualities perhaps more apparent in his earlier books than in this one.

The contents of his picnic basket are varied rather than sustaining. Half the book deals with his youth in France and Ireland and many readers will find this the best. At the age of sixteen and a half he became a 2nd Lieutenant in the Kilmore Militia and after three years of examining passed his army examinations and was gazetted to the 8th flusars. This was the beginning of a happy love affair with the army and the cavalry whose golden anniversary he has already celebrated without loss of enthusiasm.

As the result of a bad polo accident he was an invalid for two years and then for health reasons was transferred to the 11th Hussars where he found himself equally at home. Unlike his brother subalterns he took a great interest in the art of war, became an expert in mockery and wrote books on the lessons of the Russo-Japanese war and on cavalry tactical schemes. These abilities singled him out for special employment when the 1914-18 war came, but he had time to take part in what must have been one of the last cavalry engagements ever, at Nery in 1914, before his liaison duties (on which he has written so admirably already) intervened.

In his account of this skirmish, Sir Edward Spears, *The Picnic Basket*, 224pp. Secker and Warburg. 36s.

The trouble about this argument which this author also encountered in Washington on his return, was it led straight to confrontation with China's land forces. Or was the object of the United States in South East Asia to force a confrontation with China? Many people thought this too.

Perhaps those generals were right who believed that the only way to deal with China was to intimidate it. But they thought there must be another way. Was it true that we could not find a way to live with China? Must the game be turned into a poisonous death game of China? I did not believe it. Surely America's heritage, Yankee ingenuity and the democratic imagination of our great people could devise a better course.

A kindly critic has called Mr. Spears an "innocent bystander"; and it is true that there are gaps in his background knowledge of the Vietnam problem. He is, however, an experienced observer and he reports his observations in good faith. He more he has given us much to think about.

MAN ON HORSEBACK

Sir EDWARD SPEARS: *The Picnic Basket*. 224pp. Secker and Warburg. 36s.

The most surprising discovery in store for readers of Sir Edward Spears' latest volume of autobiographical sketches will be to learn that as a boy he was sent to school in England and in the end to spend his winters with his grandmother in the South of France; it was lighting on a collection of her correspondence in an old picnic basket that has sparked off this study of the French and love of France which he then acquired through the pattern of his life. By temperament, not unduly impressed by established authority, self-reliant, quick and argumentative, urbane, charming and capable of bloody-mindedness. With all this goes an ability to express himself and a feeling for language; qualities perhaps more apparent in his earlier books than in this one.

The contents of his picnic basket are varied rather than sustaining. Half the book deals with his youth in France and Ireland and many readers will find this the best. At the age of sixteen and a half he became a 2nd Lieutenant in the Kilmore Militia and after three years of examining passed his army examinations and was gazetted to the 8th flusars. This was the beginning of a happy love affair with the army and the cavalry whose golden anniversary he has already celebrated without loss of enthusiasm.

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In his account of this skirmish, Sir

MARRYING DANGEROUSLY

DAVID LEWIS: *Daughters of the Wind*. 315pp. £2 2s. MYRTLE SIMPSON: *White Horizons*. 191pp. 32s. 6d. Gollancz.

Most married men who travel dangerously are careful to leave their families at home. The few exceptions, and their reasons for it, are well worth looking at, as these two narratives show.

Dr. Lewis is a New Zealander with some boyhood experience of Pacific islands which gave him a strong interest to how the Polynesians populated them. After marrying his young wife Fiona they decided to give up his seventeen years' practice in East London and build the Rahu Moana, a catamaran which given their circumstances would henceforth be their only home. The arrival of Susie and Vicky did not alter this; they would have to go wherever the Rahu Moana was sailed. *Daughters of the Wind* describes how it took them halfway round the world, from New York past the Horn to New Zealand.

Their daughters were under three when they started. They steal their father's book in spite of his characteristically sardonic remark that "I have been forced to adopt the misleading parental practice of keeping notes of their current sayings": so delightfully revealing. Dr. Lewis's letters to discuss the risks to which they were exposed; his narrative more than takes care of all that. He summed up his boat by compelling the 1964 single-handed race across the Atlantic. The pursuit sailor tends to be little more than a "float" and there is little doubt that his extra stability helped them in the extraordinary journey that began when his family left him in New York.

"Daughters" must be the only young mother whose nursery has been lost by the wildest winds and waves in the world while learning to take some of the lessons of her husband as a man as a work of reference, it is adequate as a continuous experience.

Edward has based himself on regional histories, but sometimes Dornford Yates seems to have lent a hand: for example, he writes "as a breeze may lift the flounce of a woman's skirt an air current raised the fog for a moment revealing not a shapely ankle but a great solid light packed immobile mass of German horsemen in profile". It must be a long time since Sir Edward (or anyone else for that matter) last saw a breeze lift the flounce of a woman's skirt.

The same regrettable mentor seems to have accompanied him on his visit to the battlefield of Poliers which takes up the last third of the book. Basing himself on Froissart he imagines himself as a spectator of the battle but does not hesitate to recognize in Sir John Chandos the counterpart of his friend Oliver Lyttelton and naturally the language is of the appropriate fusion. The field is covered with

rich green vines "so closely interwoven as to form a deep emerald coloured carpet"; we are not surprised to learn that the protagonists spoke "a strange but not unusual tongue" or that "another cause for wonder was that the sun was low in the east". What a far cry this is from the French general who appeared before Reynaud's cabinet in June, 1940, and in Sir Edward's own forgettable words said "in the voice of a seafaring passenger asking a passing steward for a basin 'It looks like a capitulation'".

If this last section looks a little like a capitulation too it is certainly, as we know from his career, far from final. There is a charming photograph on the cover of the author as a subaltern, and the frontispiece shows that his vitality is unimpaired and his hand capable of another of those marvellous works of Anglo-French history to which in his life he has himself made such an important contribution.

The book is embellished with rather charming off-beat photographs like "Sports Day at Crawley's, when I won the 220 yards Under Eleven", or his mother concentratedly cheating herself at patience. The account of his hirings and firings is chiefly interesting for the unfashionably low status he accords work as a worthwhile human activity. With equal frankness he takes us behind the scenes in the making of his commercials, never flinching from explaining how he became the television personality with the lucrative stammer. The title page says the book has been "produced by Vivienne Knight". A touch of absent-mindedness, or a momentary confusion of chores? Nothing of the sort. It means, Patrick Campbell explains, exactly what it says. Each chapter was discussed closely with his wife who compelled him to be as honest and self-searching as he could. A new experience, he calls it.

For as long as I can remember", Patrick Campbell writes in this agreeable autobiography, "the family lived in considerable comfort—on the very edge of bankruptcy". There could scarcely be a more orthodox Irish joke than that. The professional jester must trade in the expected and Campbell is rigid in his waywardness, making himself master of the timely diversion, reporting to bars or parties in the way that soldiers go on parade.

Egotism combined with a lack of vanity: that is Irish too. You could call it a total respect for the human spirit, starting with one's own. Having spent a quarter of his book writing affectionately about his father ("the Lord") he confesses that he "never really knew him at all", which seems a breathtaking example of the national virtue of refusing to intrude into private personality. Unsurprisingly, Patrick Campbell never seems to have got used to becoming Lord Cleaver himself.

They were joined at Valparaiso by Priscilla Cairns as navigator. The Pacific was not as pacific as they hoped, and family life became unusually nerve-racking in coping with storms and contrary winds before they reached Tahiti. Thereafter it was occupied by an interesting experiment. Dr. Lewis handed over all his navigating instruments to Priscilla, who plotted the actual course he made good while attempting to make a New Zealand landfall by observations of stars, winds, currents and bird movements as presumably the early Polynesians did. The two courses thus obtained were close enough to suggest, though it does not prove, that this is how the settlement of the Pacific islands might have happened. This is the end of the book, but not of the Lewis's adventure; they have since continued westward toward England: it is of more than passing interest to wonder what their daughters of the winds will be like in twenty years time.

The pretext for the Simpsons' ski journey across the Greenland ice cap from Angmassalik in the east to Sondre Stromfjord was a scientific one. Dr. Simpson's research work concerned the relation between mental stress and the activity of the adrenal gland. Information on this difficult problem would be found in urine samples could be systematically taken from their party under the stressful conditions of this journey and subsequently analysed. They

planned to take two men friends, but Mrs. Simpson's worry was what to do about her three children, then under six years of age. She argues that a sophisticated existence can only be kept wholesome by frequent doses of the primitive; her children were bred to this by roughing it in the Scottish highlands and by journeys as far north as Lapland and Spitzbergen. It was time to mix them with the Eskimos, and as it would have been mad to carry them across the ice cap it was arranged to fly them out to meet their parents at Stromfjord.

The icecap journey was uneventful as such affairs go. They had an exhausting battle to haul their sledge up a glacier to the plateau, and an equally hard one to descend through the waters of the morass country to Stromfjord. Mrs. Simpson conveys beautifully the unique atmosphere of exhilaration and monotony on the plateau, where there was nothing to see but snow and brilliant sky when it was snowing; the photographs are exceptionally fine. In the end they sighted a strange object which turned out to be one of America's Dew Line stalkers. They received with polite amazement a dishevelled party whose outlook was the exact opposite of their own.

Mrs. Simpson took her children up Stromfjord without much food supply to camp on terms of equality with a family of Greenlanders who were hunting for their winter supplies, while her three men went off on a dangerous inland canoe journey to Disco Bay. Dr. Simpson, who "contributes" a chapter and a scientific appendix to his wife's book, has the last word as he rejoins his family:

As I came round the last sandbank I heard the tunk-tunk-tunk of an Eskimo boat coming out. Then a few more boats came out. I was surrounded by them all in the camp. I could hardly tell my children from the little Eskimos.

Just published

BALKAN RESISTANCE

COSTA DE LOVERDO: *Les Maquis rouges des Balkans, 1941-1945*. Grèce-Yugoslavie-Albanie. 389pp. Paris: Stock. 24fr.

Despite its title, Mr. de Loverdo's book is concerned with all the resistance movements in Greece, Yugoslavia and Albania, not only with those dominated by the Communists. He writes without either nationalist or ideological bias. Himself a Greek, educated for the Orthodox priesthood, though diverted from it by the war, his sympathies are equally generous to the Albanians and Yugoslavs as to the Greeks, and to the Communist as to the non-Communist guerrillas. As an attitude it is to be admired, but since it is never reciprocated from the other side, there has inevitably grown up a false impression of the character of Balkan resistance.

Mr. de Loverdo belongs to the dramatic and romantic school of his-

torians. Anecdotes and personal sketches prevail over scholarly analysis of the resistance movements. Much mythology has grown up around them, and the author accepts it uncritically; but there is a sense in which such mythology contains a fundamental truth about great events which the historians miss. A case in point is his account of the destruction of the Gorgopotamos railway viaduct in November, 1942, which is unreliable in point of fact but nevertheless full of the right atmosphere, like a heroic ballad. There are few books on the Balkans under Nazi occupation which reproduce as Mr. de Loverdo's very readable story, supported as it is by deeply moving photographs.



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of Victorian
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Contributors are: D. E. D. Beales, D. C. Moore, I. P. Gifford, N. McCord, G. P. A. Bell, P. B. Smith, J. W. Burrow, R. T. Shannon, H. J. Hanham, O. C. G. M. M. McDougall, and the Editor, who is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The essays here show on a few of the many themes of nineteenth-century English history in which Dr. Kitson Clark has inspired interest. 152 pages. Frontispiece. 65s. net

BELLING

FORMALISM AND AFTER

VICTOR SHKLOVSKY: *Povesti i Proze*. Vol. I. 462pp. Vol. II. 334pp. Moscow: Khudozhestvennaya Literatura. 25s. the set. Zhil-byil. Vospomnuniya, mchunarynye zapisi, povesti i vremenit: a knizitsa XIX v. no 1964 g. 550pp. Moscow: Sovetskii Pisatel. 12s. Distributed by Collet's.

Russian literary criticism since the time of Belinsky has traditionally poached in the fields of politics and sociology. There were, of course, able critics who worked outside this tradition, but their achievements have largely been obscured in recent decades by the steam-roller of socialist realism. This is particularly true of the group known as the Formalists, which flourished about 1915-30, and contained some of the most distinguished of Russian literary critics and theorists. Among the founder-members was Victor Shklovsky, who was to play an important part in the movement throughout its history.

The Formalists regarded a work of literature as a "mechanism". The social consequences of this mechanism might be immensely significant, the personality of the mechanic deeply fascinating, but by themselves they will never tell us how the machine works. The Formalists wanted to find out how literature "works" (thus Shklovsky wrote an article on "How *Don Quixote* is made"), and in their essays they selected their quotations not to denigrate the "content" of a work of art (which they regarded as merely incidental, a sop to the unsophisticated) but to reveal its formal and technical workings.

This concern with technique and form led the Formalists to prize originality and novelty above all and it was only natural that they should have been associated with the literary avant-garde of their time. During the years of Revolution and Civil War they maintained close contacts with the Futurists: like them they tended to assume that because they were revolutionaries in art, they were *ipso facto* revolutionaries in politics as well. On another tack their search for a literary equivalent for the events of their time led them to a group of young Petrograd writers, the Serapion Brothers. In both cases the contacts between creative artists and professional critics proved fruitful; and there were several who, like Shklovsky, had a foot in each camp.

The Formalist movement reached its peak in these years. Despite appalling physical conditions they wrote copiously and often brilliantly on a wide range of subjects. But, as the Bolsheviks consolidated their power, the Formalists' un-Marxist approach to the arts brought them under attack from the literary orthodoxy. By 1927 to 1929 they were trying to compromise with the sociological and economic doctrines of their enemies. In vain: in 1930 they were publicly humiliated and forced to recant their errors.

Among the Formalists Victor Shklovsky always occupied a special position. He may have been less learned than his colleagues, but his witty and provocative writings made him more readily accessible; he was the journalist among the scholars. Unfortunately, his flirtation with the Essays during the Civil War seriously compromised his literary activities. In 1922 he had to emigrate to escape arrest, and although he returned to the Soviet Union the next year he was never allowed to forget his past. (When his friend Mayakovsky tried to protect him, he found himself smeared with the same brush.) In 1930 he was the first of the Formalists to cave in, but the harrumphing still continued, and he largely avoided literary criticism until after Stalin's death. In recent years he has returned to the field, partly in an attempt to lay the ghosts of his past, but partly too to provide a new account of his theory of the novel, his earlier Formalist book now modified in the light of Soviet literary doctrine. The first of the two volumes of *Povesti i Proze* (Tales of Prose) deals with narrative literature from Homer to Dickens; the second, rather longer, is concerned primarily with the Russian novel of the nineteenth century. For his startling point Shklovsky goes back to the Formalist theory of poetry. The Formalists held that words have lost their savour; they have become obscured by the objects that they register. As a result it is difficult to appreciate even the object with any freshness. It is the artist who, by various devices, stimulates the reader to see (as opposed to just recognize) both the object and the

word anew. This idea was particularly suited to the studies in poetry which interested the majority of the Formalists; it led Shklovsky to look for a comparable basic unit in prose. He found it in the arsenal of narrative-genres and stock-situations which are common to all literatures. He traces their recurrence from one literature to another over the centuries, and points out that they have been modified not so much by artistic considerations as by an awareness of their discrepancy with the changing facts of life. The artist's problem is to bring these changes to the attention of an audience that is not prepared for them; and his solution, often enough, is not to devise a new form for these new perceptions, but rather to demonstrate the inadequacy of the old forms by exploding them in satire or parody. The fragments in their turn then provide the basis for the creation of new forms.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Shklovsky has always been fascinated by Laurence Sterne—in fact, he claims to have introduced him to Russian readers, and he even took the title *A Sentimental Journey* for one of his own books. So long as he confines himself to Sterne's literary techniques he writes well and convincingly, but unfortunately the ghosts of 1917 and, worse, 1930 tempt him to press his case too far, and he spoils it by a facile identification of the revolutionary in art with the revolutionary in politics.

Behind the negation of the canons of an old art there stands, sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously, the negation of the old way of understanding the laws of the world. So we discover that the point of Sterne's parodies and paradoxes is to express the novel idea that there is "something rotten in the state of England". The unconventional techniques of Boccaccio, Cervantes, Fielding and Dickens all prove to have been only devices for expressing the same revelation about their respective societies. The one-time Formalist critic is here more single-mindedly socio-political in his interpretations than Belinsky had ever been.

Shklovsky's case is of course much easier when he comes to the classical Russian novelists. However, he does admit certain difficulties—Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, for example. Here he takes two lines of attack: first, he examines Dostoyevsky's sketches and comes up with some evidence that the novelist originally contemplated a socio-political denouement rather than the psychological and religious one eventually achieved.

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In 1964 the International Association of Comparative Literature celebrated its tenth anniversary. It had previously held three conferences; in Venice, in Chapel Hill, and in Utrecht; this time 373 scholars from thirty-five countries congregated in Fribourg to debate for a week two literary themes on a truly international scale. In his preface to the published proceedings François Jost declares the first article of the comparative list: "to know only one literature is not to know any." This is not to say that no echoes of old doubts and schisms had been heard. "Does the comparative field contain chiefly minor works and writers?" asked Claude Pichot, who explained that he declined to speak on any broader subject than foreign influences on French literature. The first theme of the conference, being "Nationalism and Cosmopolitanism in Literature", there were plenty of speakers to protest that comparative studies should not be confined to mere questions of influence.

Historical surveys showed that the subject, which came into being in the late eighteenth century, simultaneously with the study of national literatures, has always been divided in its allegiance. So long as inspiration was found in an historical understanding of literature, the twin of the universal Zeitgeist was inevitably the nationalistic Volkgeist. The mood of the conference was clearly one of impatience with all old-fashioned, narrow concepts. There was

himself says on an earlier page: "A sketch is itself a work of art; at the same time it often represents an attempt to find a different solution from the one chosen in the final version."

So, in order to explain Dostoyevsky's rejection of this solution, he has to assert that he was "broken" by his Siberian exile, and he manipulates the text of *Notes from the House of the Dead* unscrupulously to show that this is the real and even intended "message" of that work. It is paradoxical, to say the least, that a critic who is so obsessed with novelty should be so determined to show that all books are really, or at least ought to be, saying the same old thing. But what about Shklovsky's own title—*Tales of Prose*? In view of his concern with genres, techniques and the artist's deliberate use of formal innovations, such a title can hardly be accidental. Is this perhaps an attempt to canonize a new genre—that synthesis of fiction and criticism, already adumbrated by Shklovsky in such works as *Zhil-byil* (Once upon a Time) and *200 Letters not about Love*?

If we apply Shklovsky's own principles to these books, we are bound to be struck by the fact that this champion of artistic progress and novelty has very little to say about Russian literature since 1930, except for some ten pages on *The Quiet Don*. Although he pays his respects to socialist realism, he avoids discussing it, except in the most general terms. He insists on the variety of styles possible within it, but does not analyse a single one of them. As he says (in his account of Pushkin's *Journey to Erzerum*): "The very fact of such an omission bore a political character."

Indeed the pet abominations of Shklovsky, conventionalization of genre, predictability of form, the obligatory happy ending, the falsification of truth in the name of ideology, the blunting of the meaning of words, all of which he castigates so furiously in bourgeois literature, are, as he tacitly implies, even more prevalent in Soviet fiction. In his closing pages he turns once again to western fiction, dutifully points out the ideological limitations of Hemingway and Remarque (the most "advanced" writers that he cares to discuss), and reluctantly admits their immense popularity in Russia today. He suggests no Soviet names to put against them. Are we to deduce from this that there is something rotten in the state of...? Roll on, Utopia.

COMPARISONS

FRANÇOIS JOST (Editor): *Actes du IVe Congrès de l'Association Internationale de Littérature Comparée*. Fribourg, 1964. Vol. I: 691pp. Vol. II: pp.698-1,459. The Hague: Mouton. 250 Guilders.

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MYTH INTO MAGIC

GILBERT ROUGER (Editor): *Contes de Perrault*. 328pp. Paris: Grasset. 12fr.

An essential feature of any successful fairy tale is the ritual element, any deviation from which is at once detected and condemned whether it be by the mass audience of a Christmas pantomime or a single child at bedtime. Cinderella's glass shoes have resisted all philological attempts to turn them into fur, her fairy godmother still takes a pumpkin and mice and transforms them into coach and footmen. Similarly the successive appeals to watchful Sister Anne, and Red Riding Hood's astonishment at the eyes, ears and teeth of her metamorphosed grandmother are formulas which even today must be as universally familiar in this country as in France. Scholars have been busy with the psychological and anthropological origins of such tales, vast indexes of themes occurring throughout the world have been compiled, and infinite regress into the mists of time alone explains the persistence of this theme or that.

Together with the brothers Grimm and Hans Andersen (who were all in his debt), Charles Perrault is responsible for most of the nursery tales still told, but no more than they did he invent them. Mr. Rouger shows his clear debt to Renaissance Italian like Straparola, to oral tradition, and to exotic sources, both Celtic and Oriental, but it was Perrault's peculiar genius which fixed, often in its minutest details, the literary form of these stories so that they endure unchanged today.

How Charles Perrault (1628-1703) struck this vein of literary gold remains something of a mystery. The protégé of Colbert, he was connected

TALES FOR CHILDREN

GERTRAUD Middelhaufe (Editor): *Dichter erzählen Kinder*. Cologne: Friedr. Middelhaufe. DM.16.80.

This is a collection of tales, most of them four to six pages long, by thirty-six authors, whose contributions appear here for the first time; a number of them are well-known modern writers. The tales are not illustrated, but Günter Bruno Fuetsch has provided gaudy and skilful pastiches of the paintings of five-year-olds for the book jacket and endpapers. The editor of the collection states that the authors are writing "ein Hausbuch für Kinder und Kintleskinder" and that their aim is to depict "the magic in the midst of the reality of our lives, quite in the spirit of the old writers of fairy-tales." This objective is rarely achieved. Nor do most of the stories measure up to the requirement demanded by Heinrich Böll in an essay appended to the book "telling a story which can be repeated at least fifty times". In fact, many of them hear out his dictum that children's stories are the most difficult of all to write.

About a quarter of the book, for instance, consists of reminiscences of childhood, told in such a way as to make them pleasant reading for adults. It is, however, doubtful whether a child wants to hear of fishing in an ice-covered lake, holidays of forlorn days in Pomerania, Easter customs in eastern Europe, the habits of birds after the harvest, a description of a tropical island, the recollections of a girl seeing her father off to the war, or a boy's account of dead bodies and the floating and jetsam washed up from a mined ship. Even the charming tale, "Martin, We Want a Lesson", by Marie Louise Kaschnitz, about an Austrian refugee who keeps a kindergarten in San Francisco and how his small pupils cope with the situation when they find him unconscious, is written from the adult's point of view.

The worst of the tales are those which use long sentences and words which are incomprehensible to most children. Some deal too in ironical turns of speech, which the young either dislike or cannot understand: for instance, "Die Dämonen... gaben sich... göttlich der Unterhaltung hin. Das heisst, sie sprachen". There are also far too many stories lacking incident, that most essential element for small children. A few are almost allegorical in tone, such as the tale of the boy told to a pine on the mountain to prevent a boy neglecting everything for boating after years of searching he discovers it and becomes a wave on which it can sail away.

with literature and the fine arts. Most of his life (it was probably his brother Claude who designed the house of the Louvre) he devoted to a substantial amount of unenviable prose and verse, managed to quarrel of the ancients and speak of but only in 1691 did he give up what was to come, the story of patient Griselda, relating it in his verse tale, "Griselda", very much in the style of the Fontaine. Three years later he turned the traditional "Pau d'Ance" into verse, but in 1697 did the collection of *Contes de Perrault* under the name of his son Pierre, the common heritage of children and adults. Literature thus doubtless owes to him the tales for children that exist today. It is appropriate, then, that these little tales for children should be collected and sorted and valued and loaded them into the sailing trains, they cut off the hair of the women and they disposed of the bodies of those who had been saved. In her preface Simone de Beauvoir writes that the Jews "carried out the work of extermination". Nothing that M. Steiner could lead the reader to such an incredible conclusion.

M. Steiner, a young French journalist, depending mainly on the oral tradition of Treblinka—that is interviews with some of the survivors—reconstructs the story of this death camp. In the "pill" ghetto Vilna, the Jews were periodically rounded out and shot. This was a process but rather slow. "In the first shooting produced a low outburst and in the second place, it was a relationship between the murderer and the victim which was prohibited to the former's morale." In the use of gas, "annihilation, the mistakes inherent in all innovations came to an end."

Within a month of the creation of the camp a Committee of Resistance had been set up and the best part of M. Steiner's book is his description of the preparation of the revolt. The camp, perfectionists in the art of extermination, intended that the name of the Jews should die in silence. In Treblinka, as in other camps, they dug up the bodies

The authors who catch the poetic tone of the children's story in the minority. Hans Carl Anstoss "Maus im Haus" tells of a mouse, who leads an antipathetic existence as a lightbulb. He hints that true blend of characteristics, as he silences of flippers up the stairs, and of habits which endears to the classic figures as Peter Rabbit. Little mouse which reaches the cupboard by means of a rope-ladder and summons the mice to shun in the least by their numbers with a little more appeal to children. It tells of the adoption of a dog, named by Pli "Simone" because it is as shaggy as a "welpet". For father older, Glutier Herburger's "Himmel und Stadt" has a background of the town-dweller, of large building sites, and heavy through which Helmut weaves in way on his scooter or thumb, his search for an event story.

W. Kramer, Frankfurt, has published *Himmel und Erde*, a poetic tale by Lora S. Wittenberg. Daughter of a fur rabbit, she came to the shore before the last, and studied at Glasgow, Oxford, where she wrote a thesis on Hölderlin as Fellow and Tutor at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, and German literature. She has two sons, she died at age 30. These simple, sincere, age-old tales are a fitting memorial to her. The book is in Britain from Dillons' Books, London. W. 9s. 6d.

DEATH CAMP

JEAN-FRANÇOIS STEINER: *Treblinka*. Preface by Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by Helen Weaver. 336pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 36s.

Within a period of twelve months during 1942 and 1943, some 800,000 Jews were sent to the extermination camp at Treblinka in Poland. Forty survived the war. Treblinka, unlike Auschwitz, which had large industrial units attached to it dependent on the labour of the prisoners, was created solely with the aim of killing Jews, especially those couped up in the ghettos of Poland. All Jews were sent to the gas chambers immediately upon arrival. M. Steiner writes that from the moment the doors of the cattle trucks were unlocked to the moment that the great doors of the gas chambers were opened to take out the bodies, only forty-five minutes elapsed. In this way it was possible to kill 24,000 Jews between seven o'clock in the morning and one-fifteen in the afternoon. Forty S.S. men and a few hundred Ukrainians ran this vast extermination machinery. About 1,000 Jews were spared to act as the maintenance men of the camp. They collected and sorted the clothes and valuables and loaded them into the sailing trains, they cut off the hair of the women and they disposed of the bodies of those who had been saved. In her preface Simone de Beauvoir writes that the Jews "carried out the work of extermination". Nothing that M. Steiner could lead the reader to such an incredible conclusion.

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BURIAL SERVICE

LONGWORTH: *The Unending Vigil, A History of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission 1917-1967*. Introduction by Edmund Blunden. 253pp. Constable. £2.2s.

1,695,000 men and women of Imperial Forces died in the two world wars, the overwhelming majority being in early manhood. To the "In Memoriam" column in Times even today is to recollect there are many still living whose names were darkened by loss more than half a century ago, a name renewed much nearer the work of the War Graves Commission should be told in full, and it is done before on an appropriate

Edmund Blunden, in his 1914-18, remarks in his introduction: "Sometimes it happens that to be present at or to witness a burial service held on the line or near it, it did not, not last long, but it was a very powerful experience." That same experience has been continued, by skillful drawing from many sides of the task of ensuring that the dead are properly memorialized.

Longworth, is perhaps the only institution under whose aegis representatives of mutually hostile nations, creeds and politics can meet for a moment in peace and without rancour. This might still be counted a worthy purpose if there were no more bodies to be found, no more bereaved to comfort. It is satisfactory to add that his is an admirable record of work well done, in which difficulties and controversies are not glossed over. It is creditably printed, and the sole disappointment is in the quality of some of the half-tone illustrations, so important in such a book, and in the colour frontispiece.

Wuro, who was in France with a Red Cross unit as early as September, 1914, and who devoted the rest of his life to ensuring that the work he took up, at first semi-officially but with ever rising status, proceeded as smoothly as any project ever can which depends in the last resort upon committee proceedings rather than personal decisions. He lived until 1948, and so was able to provide continuously as well as unrivalled experience when, in 1939, the matter of war graves again became an immediate issue. Mr. Longworth calls him "the great commemorator", and the tribute is deserved. The dignified, even noble war graves now scattered over his world in 5,000 burial grounds are his memorial though not his alone: among his staunchest helpers was Rudyard Kipling, who lost a son at Loos, and the work of architects such as Blomfield, Lutyens and Baker will remind future generations that this country was not lacking in imagination when remembering the fallen.

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DEATH CAMP

RULING THE WAVES?

B. B. SCHOFIELD: *British Sea Power. Naval Policy in the Twentieth Century*. 271pp. Batsford. £2.5s.

There is a definite need today to remind the British public and government of the primary role played by sea power in preserving the country's security in the past and to warn them of the dangers of assuming that naval strength is no longer required. Events since 1945 have shown beyond doubt that if Britain is to play any part in preserving stability in the world, sea power is the most appropriate means of her doing so. Recent events in the Middle East have proved that there is still a requirement for the navy to fulfil its traditional role of ensuring unhindered passage for sea-borne trade. It was presumably with all this in mind that Admiral Schofield set out to write his account and analysis of British naval policy in the twentieth century.

Unfortunately he has overplayed his hand and his book will make little impression on informed and influential opinion. He falls into the error of many naval writers of assuming that Britain has in the past benefited most in war from employing a distinct and entirely correct maritime strategy, and has misemployed her strength when she has indulged in a continental strategy. This concept completely ignores the fact that in the only war against her rival France in which Britain did not make a large contribution to a continental alliance and strategy she was soundly defeated and lost her North American colonies. In his own narrative, Admiral Schofield similarly ignores the fact that it was not until Germany's army had been defeated by continental warfare, both in 1918 and 1945, that she was brought to surrender. In his explanation of

It is equally unfortunate that he has chosen to hinge on to his book, like the albatross round the mariner's neck, a preface by Simone de Beauvoir. She speaks of the "collusion" of Jewish notables of the *Judenrat* with the Germans. "In all times and all countries," she writes, "with rare exceptions, eminent persons have collaborated with the victors: a matter of class." To label the cooperation of the *Judenrat* with the Germans in class terms is not only a gross libel on men placed in an impossible situation but also shows a total lack of understanding of the position of the Jews faced with a situation which, in spite of centuries of persecution, was unique: the extermination of the whole Jewish race.

The account of submarine activity is methodical and thorough and backed with statistics and diagrams to illustrate its effectiveness against both naval and mercantile vessels in the two wars. Its chronological detailed exposition is not easy to read but, like a good staff paper, its conclusions are illuminating and expressed with force and clarity. It is refreshing to find a naval writer free from the excessive cult of the convoy as the infallible and self-sufficient means of defeating submarine campaigns against merchant shipping. Sir Arthur has no doubts about its having

been the indispensable agent of success in the open seas from the fact that a collection of ships in convoy is much harder to find than the same number sailing independently. In the First World War, especially, convoys owed their immunity more to not being intercepted than to the fighting power of their escorts. In the Second World War victory depended not on the mere existence of a convoy system but also on the relative fighting effectiveness of the attacking submarines, and the German U-boats were defeated in the Atlantic by the superior technology of the surface and air escorts, while the Japanese convoys were unable to deal with the greater sophistication of the American submarines in the more limited waters in which their merchant ships had to operate. Again, to a degree rare among naval writers, Sir Arthur stresses the importance of civilian measures in preventing a submarine campaign against merchant shipping being decisive. The efficient use of shipping space; the reduction of the demands on shipping by agricultural and rationing policies and the rate of ship-building compared with losses by enemy action are all shown to have been vital factors.

The book's conclusions on the submarine's past efficacy in operations against warships are equally pene-

Germany's defeat in 1918, he makes no mention of the decisive influence of the advent of the new American armies on a country already weakened by years of land warfare against Britain and France. Even more ludicrous is an account of the downfall of Hitler which omits the contribution of Russia's continental warfare which, in Churchill's words, "tore the guts out of the German army". With this misreading of the past it is not surprising that the author is unable to grasp the strategic and political necessity of Britain's continental contribution to NATO: which he considers should be replaced by a strong amphibious force. Of course it is true that in all her major wars Britain's survival and victory have depended upon sea power, but sea power deployed not as a separate entity but as only one element of an overall national strategy which was at once maritime and continental.

Admiral Schofield's other main thesis is that Britain in the past has frequently been placed in extreme peril due to the failure of government to provide enough money for the navy. Here again he overstates a good case. His is a simple world in which the villains are politicians, economists, pacifists and idealists who have failed to give the admirals the resources required for the country's security. He admits that the admirals have made mistakes on such matters as efficacy of the submarine and the need for aircraft carriers but fails to realize that such professional misjudgments gave political leaders legitimate grounds to doubt the validity of their judgments

SEAWORTHY

SIR ARTHUR HEZLET: *The Submarine and Sea Power*. 278pp. Peter Davies. £3.3s.

Admiral Hezlet is exceptionally well qualified to write on this subject. After a most distinguished career as a submarine commander in the last war he subsequently became director of the naval staff college and flag officer in charge of submarines. To this experience he adds a cool analytical mind and a workmanlike prose style. The major part of his book is a detailed account of the part played by the submarines of all the participants in the two world wars and a careful consideration of the significance of their achievements. The concluding chapters deal with the evolution of the submarine since 1945 and assess its greatly increased importance since the advent of nuclear propulsion and Polaris-type missiles.

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trating. Its strategic importance lay in giving the ability to continue to contest command of the seas in areas where the enemy had surface or air superiority. This strategic development partly emerged in the First World War and became clear in the second, as the destructive power of submarines increased. German U-boats sank more of the British navy than all the other agents of her maritime power combined, and their American counterparts sank one-third of the Japanese navy. Such successes only came from an offensive strategy. In defence the submarine proved relatively impotent.

Sir Arthur's conclusions are that by 1945 the submarine had demonstrated the fallacy of two classical dogmas of naval strategy: the predominance of the battle fleet and the indecisiveness of a war against commerce. For the future, he sees the submerged speed and endurance of the nuclear submarine as giving it such advantages over its opponents as to make it the supreme arbiter in any struggle for command of the seas. As the launching platform for nuclear missiles, it is again in his view virtually unchallengeable. This may well be the present situation, but it would be contrary to all previous experience if such superiority remained undisturbed.

AIRBORNE

LAWRENCE WRIGHT: *The Wooden Sword. The Untold Story of the Gliders in World War II*. 258pp. Elek. 42s.

Official accounts of parachute and glider operations have appeared and more detailed descriptions of the work done by these forces were given in *The Winged Pegasus*. What Mr. Wright means by "untold" is intimate, frank, even irreverent. As one of the first bunch of glider pilots drawn in from civilian life to start this branch of the services, he brought with him the shrewd, if informal atmosphere of the gliding clubs together with a sharp eye for the ridiculous, the pompous and the amusing. As an architect, he also brought a trained mind so that he had his part in founding the glider force and later was a senior planning officer in most of its operations.

He thus had every chance to see how the force came into being, how its enterprises were prepared and what happened on the day. He also enjoyed seeing the absurdities of service ways, the unfortunate incidents that often attended important visitors for the benefit of important visitors and the tactical moves that were

sometimes needed to push improvements through "the usual channels". His book is therefore as easily read by anyone willing to laugh at the ways of mortals in uniform as by those who still may want to know why nearly everything went wrong in Sicily, why nearly everything in the British sector went right in Normandy, the details about Arnhem and why relatively little use was made of airborne troops after the crossing of the Rhine.

This, may be one man's view of the airborne side of the war but it was taken from a fairly comprehensive vantage point from start to finish. For the most flippant particulars which tend so effectively to make the whole story ring true, he was usually an actual eye-witness, and often a participant. One example in dozens of humour and his argument that the V.I.P.s never saw the good work the glider forces were capable of. At one Horsa demonstration over Salis-

bury Plain, a load of M.P.s was put into a glider which still had on board some thousands of leaflets intended for dropping over Norway. The glider in front of it made a bad landing and upset the tim of the pilot of the next to come in so that it whipped off its wheels and half its tailplane. The politicians emerged to find themselves ankle-deep in leaflets which said: "Stol pas oss i Vi-riker ikke." It is to be hoped, says Mr. Wright, that none of them could read Norwegian, for that meant: "Rely on us: We won't let you down."

Candid assessments are made of some of Mr. Wright's superiors and of some of the United States officers with whom he had to work but they are all impersonal and related to the job in hand. The grim facts of the operations are recorded without heroics and the explanations are full and clear. Mr. Wright says he hoped somebody else's work would make it unnecessary for him to write this book. His readers will be glad that the labour fell to him.

Perhaps Admiral Schofield's chief service has been to show the need for two other books, which have not yet been written. There is a great need for an account of Britain's defence policy between the wars based on primary sources and not on the partisan secondary works which he has used. The other requirement is for a book on the role of sea power today and in the future by someone fully aware of the realities of national and international politics, and of the naval implications of modern technology.

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CREATIVE TECHNOCRATS

Penguin Technology Survey 1967. Edited by Arthur Garratt. 203pp. Penguin, 10s.

Last year the two well-established and valuable annual series of *Penguin Science Surveys* (on physical and biological sciences) were joined by the *Penguin Technology Survey*, 1966. The second volume in this new series, edited by Arthur Garratt, makes a further contribution to dispelling ignorance—by no means confined to non-scientists—about the forces which are reshaping society.

Mr. Garratt sets out to provide up-to-date information for the non-specialist: "a small selection of new trends and developments... written by acknowledged experts in a manner bereft of jargon", as he claims in his introduction. By and large it is a justified claim. Most of the ten contributions are clearly written, and their subjects are well chosen.

They include sections on water resources, plastics, technology, automation (a general introduction by J. A. Adderley, "Automatic Measuring" by L. A. Sayce, and "Automation in the Sugar Industry" by R. M. J. Withers), medical technology—the last a provocative contribution by D. M. Desoutter. In a survey of recent technological advances in Japan, Professor K. Kaneshige gives some sobering figures which underline our own relatively slow rate of progress in applying advances which very often were pioneered in this country.

Considerable effort has gone and is going into closing the so-called "development gap"—the time-lag between the first theoretical or laboratory demonstration of a new discovery, and its translation into effective hardware with a recognizable impact on everyday life. There

are signs that this process is already shorter in general than it was forty or fifty years ago. More than three decades had to elapse, for instance, between Becquerel's first discovery of radioactivity and the majority of its practical applications such as thickness gauging, tracer techniques, and so on (leaving aside, of course, atomic energy, which is now a whole technology in itself). Again, the first scientific use of rangefinding by reflected radio waves, by Appleton and Breit and Tave, was in 1925; but it was a further dozen years before the engineering brilliance of Sir Robert Watson-Watt and his team made from this a practical system of radiolocation—the first of the CII radar stations coming into service in 1938.

Since then the tempo has speeded up. One has only to think of the comparative rapidity with which penicillin, semiconductor circuit elements and lasers have been exploited to realize this. But the gap is still there—after more than thirty years we still await a really practical electric car. It is the task of the creative engineer to lead the drive to exploit new advances to the full, and in his contribution to the *Penguin Technology Survey* Professor R. A. Smith, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has some pertinent comments on "creative engineering" and the kind of education needed to foster this vital link in the chain. As he says:

"Much could be done with press, radio and television to change the public image of the engineer, and indeed something is being done." And not least by volumes like that under review. This new series will be useful for all who claim any understanding of the changing world.

TEACHING BY MACHINE

DERICK UNWIN and JOHN LEEHMAN (Editors): *Aspects of Educational Technology*. The Proceedings of the programmed learning conference held at Loughborough 15-18 April, 1966. 545pp. Methuen, 5s.

Educational technology here means teaching machines and their programmes—with the programmes, as usual, being much more important than the hardware used to present them. This book records the proceedings of the Loughborough Programmed Learning Conference of April, 1966, and the fullest possible comment on the papers presented there is the one made by the editors in their introduction: the papers lacked rigour; only a few would have qualified for inclusion in a major educational or psychological journal.

This is not necessarily a bad thing. Rigour in this field is often *rigor mortis*. Nobody has yet defined any objectives for education—even programmed education—which are at once clear and universally acceptable. But rigorous measurements of effectiveness require a prior agreement on objectives, since these determine what is to be measured. It is probably better to have widespread and vigorous experimentation and development, in schools and industrial training departments, rather than a very few carefully "objective" studies by *bona fide* research workers: particularly when the

objectivity of these studies is likely to be spurious anyway.

The really fruitful relationship between such studies as these and academic psychology is likely to be rather different. Here we have a large number of reasonably careful reports, of reasonably successful approaches to learning, with most of which modern learning theory is quite unable to cope. Certainly the strict and simple-minded Skinnerism of early years has been left far behind. Here is a challenge to psychologists to devise some rather more adequate theory. Heaven knows it is needed; one only needs to consider the occasional theoretical remark in this volume—for example, the theory that is supposed to underlie that systematic approach to programming called *Mathematics*. This is a very valuable approach in itself; but how can it be justified in terms of what can only be described as a highly metaphorical version of stimulus-response theory? Psychology still has the task of analysing the basic concepts underlying programmed, or "any other, learning. A really adequate theory of what we mean by, say, "generalization" would be a major psychological achievement.

SCIENCE STORIES

KEITH GORDON IRWIN: *The Romance of Physics*. Illustrated by Anthony Ravelli. 240pp. Weldon and Nicolson, 30s.

Dr. Irwin's book is meant to encourage an appetite for science in the young and should do so. In form it is a selective historical sketch, mostly of experiments and the scientists who did or suggested them, from Archimedes to Enrico Fermi, taken as the key figure in nuclear energy, with Einstein, before him, as its initiator who writes well and simply about the principles that the experiments helped to establish. In these terms he could hardly be bettered, and Anthony Ravelli's drawings are both useful and pleasant.

One should not perhaps expect historical scholarship as well. Dr. Irwin has a weakness for good stories, whether substantiated or not. The device of choosing key figures leads

at times to distortion: thus Sir John Cockcroft (misspelled) and E. T. S. Walton in Cambridge are bracketed with E. O. Lawrence in California as having "first" accelerated protons with (by implication) the same kind of machine: whereas Cockcroft and Walton first demonstrated the equivalence of mass and energy, and Lawrence invented the type of machine which has ever since been most used in nuclear research. It may also come as a surprise in Britain to read that "at the beginning of World War II, English physicists... were asked to develop a military practical system of aircraft detection". The original home radar chain, protecting the Thames estuary and the home counties, was complete eighteen months before the war and was militarily practical.

THE CURIOUS ART

A. C. CHARITY: *Events and their Afterlife*. The dialectics of Christian typology in the Bible and the Church. Cambridge University Press, 43s.

It would always be hard to deny that events have, in some sense, an after-life. But with these events, the crucial events of the biblical history, I have tried to show that we can go further: and that the writers' intention, we must. For at least these events, through typology, demand an after-life that is then echo, not just their effect and one which takes place not only broadly, in history, but is also specific, in us. We are called to be part of their after-life.

With these words A. C. Charity concludes his work, summarizing its scope and intention. It is a work to interest theologians and philosophers of history as well as readers of Dante. The author is concerned to show that the science of typology "or rather only too often, the curious art", as J. R. Darbyshire defined it, is of vital relevance to the modern mind and could serve as a basis of conversation between the Christian and the humanist. This had already been suggested by Canon Alan Richardson in *History, Sacred and Profane*.

All historical interpretation, and therefore all historical writing as such, necessarily involves the seeing of the significance of the beginning from the end. This is what is meant in theological language by typology. It is essentially what all history "in the full sense" unavoidably is.

There is also the literary critic's understanding of typology, which acknowledges a process whereby in the ordinary things of everyday life a regularly reveals itself to the poet and, in Western man's phrase, "hints at an order that dwells deep within things". Although the author's training has been literary rather than theological, it is not with such archetypal intimations that his work is concerned but rather with Christian typology, in relation exclusively to the Bible and to Dante's *Commedia* and defined precisely as "history's relations to its fulfilment in Christ".

An observation from which the whole work has arisen is contained in the last chapter of the section "Typology in the Divine Comedy". In the central cantos of *Purgatorio* Dante is in the presence of his ancestor, Cacciaguida. In the words referring to his birth and to the coming of his descendant, there are resonances which evoke the redemptive history of Christ.

This had been noticed before but the full implications remained to be drawn out. To A. C. Charity the echo was too startling to note only in passing. Not only the birth (and death) of Cacciaguida and Dante's foretaste of Paradise are linked in the poet's language with the birth and death of Christ, but the prophecy of Dante's exile, so movingly conveyed to him "in clear words and precise speech", is heard as a recapitulation of Christ's death, as a doing with Christ by Dante. "What Dante does, in his journey, Christ has done. Dante's descent into Hell, and his release from it, is a typological repetition, a 'subfulfilment' of Christ's." Thus it is that the journey into Hell begins on Good Friday of the year when Dante, like Christ, had reached the age of thirty-five.

From this interpretation, new mainly in the synthesis in which its many implications are combined, there emerges a heightened awareness of the urgency of Dante's vision, for us, as well as (or his contemporaries and for himself. It offers also a new consideration of the nature of the poem's allegory. "The one history which the poem narrates includes the prophecy and the recapitulation of others:... one echoes and enfolds, or is echoed and enfolds by another." This is not allegory in the sense in which the *Romance of the Rose* or the *Faerie Queene* use allegories; it is in the sense in which we speak of medieval exegesis of the Bible as "allegory". It is, rather, to be described as typology, having the same seriousness of purpose and function as the typology of the Bible, especially of the New Testament.

Mention of the allegory of the *Commedia* leads inevitably to discussion of the famous *Letter to Cangrande della Scala*. In the controversy about its authenticity, concerning which doubts have recently been revived, the author ranges himself with the orthodox, to whom he brings new and lively support. For C. G. Hurdie an unsurmountable difficulty has been the difference between the literal sense of the *Commedia* and the literal sense of the psalm expounded in the *Letter* as a pattern of interpretation. But the

work is no more reconstructions of an art-history of Greek lands in the Stone Age to (somewhat roughly) the year 480 B.C. This is no conceivable sense what the author people would call a break, but the author is an art-historian (his book attains high standards which one has to expect from Mr. Boardman's standards of accuracy, clarity and style. In his company we travel long and often devious road that see a little deeper into the world of the *Commedia* and the rationale of its address. It is a pleasure to the reader.

INVISIBLE GRACES

WILLIAM T. NOON, S.J.: *Poetry and Prayer*. 354pp. Rutgers University Press (Transatlantic Book Service), 50s.

No one is likely to open a book with this title without prejudging the possibilities of the subject. There is, for example, an obvious sense in which prayer and poetry might to a former generation have seemed closely related in the category of the sublime; it is not difficult to see the stunted and insinuating religiosity and the critical competence of such a view. Father William Noon is more empirical: he sets out to investigate what religious people say about prayer and what poets say about poetry. Evidently it would be possible to have a piece of writing which was a poem and a verbal prayer in the same time; this, of course, is not his point. He is after some deeper connexion, if perhaps it should exist, and wishes to discuss what certain modern writers have said of the fundamental spiritual sanctions they have attached to human experience. This is neutral ground. The inquiry is speculatively difficult, and perhaps impossible without social and political criticisms which Father Noon does not employ, but is not to be rejected out of hand.

As a literary critic Father Noon is careful and successful. He is well read, his Matthew Arnold and Auerbach's *Mimesis* at his fingertips—as it is proper he should—and has a scatter of learning which seems peculiarly Catholic and in which Joyce, for example, might have recognized a Jesuit. He takes the view that both prayer and poetry exercise a contemplative faculty which might otherwise decay through disuse, but he shows decent anxiety not to blur the distinctions between these very different activities. Still, his first long chapters on prayer, mysticism and poetry in general make stiff reading; it may be that a shorter and sharper treatment of these subjects would have been more effective and it is certainly true that reading about Maritain, C. S. Lewis, Bremond and E. J.

Walkin will seem at least to non-Christian readers like wading through glue.

Father Noon's own solution is based on a study of Gerard Manley Hopkins and of W. H. Yeats. He is sympathetic to Father Hopkins, but perhaps without grasping certain weaknesses in Hopkins's position: the reasons for his profound psychic disturbance (at which we can at least intelligently guess), the degree of his need for recognition, or the imperilment of his health which seem to have played hell with his happiness in Dublin. Hopkins's achievement as a poet is very great. Almost the one subject, though, on which he can teach us nothing is the relationship of poetry and prayer. One must not be deceived by his elaborate rationality; poetry, prayer and profundity of learning were the surface phenomena of a single deep pattern of disturbance. In the case of Hopkins even a religious man might admit that the poetry was the most worthwhile. When Father Noon speaks of the three invisible graces of Hopkins's faith in God, in himself, and in his poetry, he is referring perhaps to a single grace.

In his treatment of Yeats Father Noon is not constricted by his own position of faith; at the same time one feels that his tolerance is conscious, irrelevant, a little patronizing. "Without poetic blight, Yeats's gift survived the refusal of religious faith. Without surrender of one's own faith, one may highly credit Yeats for his survival." This concentration on Yeats's formal acceptance or non-acceptance of "faith" surely misses the point about him. Yeats's troubles and possibilities were determined by the difficult birthright of the Protestant gentry ascendancy in Ireland, with which he had identified. What kind of humanly decent faith could Yeats have had that he

lacked the literal sense of a religious faith? The dialectics of Christian typology in the Bible and the Church. Cambridge University Press, 43s.

literally "anagogical", this side far of the (gall)ies... the most moral life of the... the first turbo-prop liner... the American angle alone, it is found and comprehensive piece of

Howard. *Aeroplane of World War II*. Illustrated by Donald Green. 80pp. Ernest Benn, 13s. 6d. The book explains clearly what the aeroplane is, how it works, and how it was developed. It is a book for the general reader, and not for the specialist. It is a book that is well written, and well illustrated. It is a book that is well worth reading.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

Works, and the rubbishy wooden boxes advertised in a Chicago catalogue of 1900, he does point to a great many areas which are well worth attention, if not of the collector certainly of the social historian. The illustrations are excellent, hilarious and intriguing.

SAVAGE, GEORGE. *The Art and Antiques Restorers Handbook*. 142pp. Barrie and Rockliff, 25s.

This is a fourth impression of a severely practical little book which makes no concessions to the woolly-headed but takes us along inexorably from Abraxas to Zebrinwood, and gives us first-class advice on every page. The only danger about the author's expertise is that amateurs of the more ham-fisted variety might be tempted to embark upon extensive repairs without seeking further advice. There is, of course, a great deal of material to use—and to use with caution—merely to remove dirt, is the most valuable part of the book. There is also a great deal of knowledge which enables one to detect forgeries or early repairs—for instance, how many of us were aware that gimlet-headed screws were not introduced until the Great Exhibition of 1851, and that a machine-cut nail was not on the market before about 1790?

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

CALLEY, GEORGE. *Reflections on the Colony of New South Wales*. Edited by J. E. B. Currey. 239pp. Angus and Robertson, £2. 10s.

George Calley was a self-taught botanist whom Sir Joseph Banks, at his own expense, sent to New South Wales in 1800. Calley spent the next ten years in the colony, sending home to his patron, as well as botanical specimens, lengthy letters and *Reflections*; on his return, Banks gave him a pension of £50 a year for life. Calley's scientific knowledge was limited, and his contribution to botany was quickly overshadowed by that of his contemporary, Robert Brown; nevertheless, he was a diligent if oddly secretive collector. In character he was eccentric, obstinate, conceited, and testy; as Banks remarked, "Had he been a gentleman, he would have been shot long ago in a duel." One of the most interesting aspects of this generally through the scores of letters exchanged, of Banks's forbearance, almost egotism, patience in dealing with his eccentric protégé. (One puzzle: why the misleading title-page suggestion that the book is merely an edition of Calley's *Reflections*? The title, on the spine—"George Calley, Naturalist and Explorer"—is much more apt.)

History

ALEXANDROWICZ, C. H. *An Introduction to the History of the Law of Nations in the East Indies 16th, 17th and 18th centuries*. 259pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press, £2. 6s.

The author may have something new to say for those who are unfamiliar with the basic collections of treaties between European and Asian principalities, such as those published by Blake in Portuguese (1881-87) and by Heeres in Dutch (1907-55); but historians who are familiar with these compilations will not find that this work contains anything startlingly new.

BARTON, D. B. *A History of the Mining and Smelting in Cornwall*. 302pp. Truro: Bradford Barton, 50s.

Its Cornish publishers claim that this is the first full history of the county's famous tin industry. The mining, of course, is traceable back to pre-Christian times but the book is chiefly concerned with the past 130 years and the melancholy story of the reduction of the Cornish tin trade, by foreign competition, almost to extinction, two facts which emerge here, first, that tin was quite subsidiary to copper during much of Cornwall's mining history and, second, that the tin mines were rarely profitable to the investors. It was always a lottery, and the prizes low.

BUCKINGHAM, CHRISTOPHER. *Lyddon: a Parish History*. 98pp. Lyddon: Thomas Becket Books, Wellington House.

This Kentish village between Dover and Canterbury has preserved its

parish registers from the early date of 1540. On these and other sources, printed and unprinted, Mr. Buckingham bases his history of the village, extending from the making of the Roman road to the opening of the Kent coalfield and today's expansion when Lyddon is becoming "much too busy and over-built". Essentially local in appeal, the book is issued in a limited edition of 700 copies.

CHUNALL, A. C. (Editor). *Early Taxation Returns*. 189pp. Buckinghamshire Record Society.

The levy of Fifteenths and Tenths on movable commodities was a chief source of taxation revenue from the Middle Ages down to early Stuart times. Mr. Chunall's transcript (in translation from the Latin) of one of the earliest extant returns, that for Buckinghamshire in 1332, has a special interest because it supplies details of those possessions on which the tax was levied. Some things were always exempt: the gentry, for example, paid no tax on their armour, nor the workers on the tools of their trade. Included is a glossary of the surames and their meaning, in one or two cases conjectural.

DAVIES, ALUN (Editor). *Modern European History 1494-1788*. 39pp. Historical Association, 5s.

Classified lists, with brief appraisals, of recommended books for the study of the history of Europe from 1494 to 1788. The pamphlet, No. 68 in the Historical Association's series for students, supersedes the similar one issued in 1953.

JOURNALISM

MARLAND, MICHAEL. *Following the News*. 172pp. Chatto and Windus, 15s.

It is not easy to give young readers an overall view of the workings of the press, but Michael Marland has been conspicuously successful. In *Following the News* he has presented in a way which is neither over-idealistic nor censorious the problems of producing a newspaper. He has pointed out pitfalls and given examples of good and bad reporting, inviting students of journalism to analyse what they read and form their own standards.

In an excellent section he stresses the need for honesty, pointing out the essential difference between news and views: e.g., what events the paper writes up and how it angles them. It is a sad but undisputed fact that human suffering has popular appeal, and Michael Marland points out the unhappiness and harm that is often caused to ordinary people by callous publicity. But he adds a timely warning. The people who pay the pennies hold the power. If they disapprove strongly enough to stop buying a paper they can put it out of business.

Many teenagers toy with the idea of journalism as a career at some time or other. This book gives them a fair picture of the many sides of putting together a paper and a number of statistics on subject matter, space and distribution useful for readers of all ages.

Natural History

LAWRENCE, R. D. *The Place in the Forest*. 224pp. Michael Joseph, 35s.

A stretch of forest in Ontario becomes a weekend retreat for Mr. Lawrence and gives him a chance to study the creatures of the wild. His interest runs to the insects as well as the bears and raccoons. Some of his writing, like the vegetation of his forest, can be lush but there are some well-observed moments when he turns from general descriptions to actual encounters in and around his cabin.

PHOTOGRAPHY

HERZOG, WALTER (Editor). *Photography '67*. 276pp. Zurich: Walter Herdeg, The Graphs Press, London: Constable, 26s.

Printed in Switzerland, this is the second issue of a lavishly produced annual of advertising photography. With text in English, German, and French, it contains 985 illustrated items selected from some 11,000 entries sent in from 26 countries—advertisements, booklets, posters, covers, record and magazine covers, book jackets, and packages, 76 pages being in colour.

Henry Wolf, who has made a name in the United States as an art director, contributes a lively introduction

which comments cogently by implication on our strange, mercantile culture. The photograph, he declares, is "a necessity of the Age of Reason". Industry has replaced the Church in the role of patron, and photography is its "favourite art form" because of its "intrinsic inability to lie". But is our age more realistic than any other, and cannot photography lie with greater conviction than any other medium? At least no one can deny that it "offers an enormous opportunity for the exercise and dissemination of bad taste".

The taste of the selectors for this volume is good on the whole but one is left with a sense of *accidie* that so much talent, technique, enthusiasm, and effort must be spent today on the vast, unrealistic "industry" of persuading everyone to spend their restricted purchasing power on a plethora of goods.

Religion

LEWIS, C. G. *Tibetan Venture*. Foreword by Sacheverell Sitwell. 191pp. Robert Hale, 21s.

It would be well if every candidate for Holy Orders were to follow the example of the author of this book by spending the interval between leaving the university and entering a theological college in gaining at first hand some knowledge of other great world faiths. After Cambridge Mr. Lewis spent some months living and working with the Tibetan refugees at the Young Lamas' Home School at Dalhousie, during the vacations travelling to Rangoon, Singapore, Assam, Delhi. He lived hard, worked hard, and read hard, and made friends wherever he went. He has written with an engaging simplicity in lucid prose of what he saw and heard; his pages enable the reader to follow what is primarily a spiritual progress. His straightforward comparison between the Christian faith which he holds so firmly and the Buddhism which he observed in theory and practice combines tolerance with perception. He found the Tibetans far more aware than westerners of the power of mind and spirit; they accept quite happily as true and normal occurrences which the west regard as supernatural and therefore reject as false. He concludes that the neglect of meditation, contemplation and silence may explain some of the observed shortcomings of Christianity in the west.

Social Studies

A Study of Contemporary Ghana. Volume II: *Some Aspects of Social Structure*. Edited by William Birmingham, I. Neustadt and E. N. Omaboe. 271pp. Allen and Unwin, £2. 10s.

Whereas the first volume of this study dealt with the economy of Ghana, this one is concerned with population problems, including the effects of education and urban life on traditional social patterns. The contributors are all specialists: Ghanaian and expatriate. The editors' intention, however, is that the volume should have a wider appeal as a work of reference for public servants, university staff and student teachers in training colleges, and in the senior years of secondary schools. It is an extremely detailed survey, which certainly should prove to be valuable to anyone seeking the facts on which to base an assessment of modern Ghana. In particular, at this period of change and difficulty, it should be a most useful guide to those charged with the task of planning the new, post-Nkrumah Ghana.

Travel and Topography

FAIRWEATHER, GEORGE. *Around Australia on Highway One*. Edited by Brinn McArdle. 127pp. Nelson, £3. 10s.

Lavishly illustrated with photographs from a variety of sources, this book describes a route of almost 8,000 miles along Highway One ("there is no longer blighway on the globe") which starts north of Cairns in Queensland and passes through every state except Tasmania and Hobart on its way to Darwin. The author has attempted not so much a guide-book as "the full profile of a nation". It is never easy to read continuously a text which is on every page interrupted and often dominated by photographs; here, apart from a few banalities ("the modern farmer is generations removed from the subsistence level of peasant life") the author holds his

own fairly well, though he rarely matches the quality of the photographs, some of which are stunningly good.

ROGERS, MARY. *Prospect of Erne*. 253pp. Belfast: Mullin, 10s. 6d.

A study of the islands and shores of Lough Erne, in County Fermanagh, which embraces the history and archaeology of the region, its folklore and its wild life, as well as the condition of the people. Mrs. Rogers evidently writes out of an intimate knowledge as well as from wide reading. She includes a glossary and bibliography as well as maps and illustrations, many of these last showing the curious carved stone figures still found in the region.

SIMPSON, COLIN. *The Viking Circle*. 366pp. Hodder and Stoughton, £2. 15s.

This is a professional's book, written by a tourist for tourists, not only those whose good fortune it will be to follow in the author's footsteps, but also the would-be who may never get there in person, but like to read all about it. Its lively, informative, and unburdened personal narrative is addressed with sure aim to lovers of the picturesque, the educative, and sometimes the nationally quaint. Mr. Simpson, with the help of various tourist boards, has visited six countries, Denmark, Greenland, Norway, Sweden, Finland and Iceland, and made good use of his time in each. Topography, history, flora and fauna, architecture, art, hotels, drinking habits, suicides and sex, all get a showing—in effect a surface showing, but at sixty pages a country, with a defined audience in view, there is nothing wrong with that. In general Mr. Simpson has done his homework zealously and with competence. *The Viking Circle* is excellently illustrated, with eighty-six pages of photographs, including thirty-two in colour, and seven maps.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

The following have recently appeared in new editions: *A History of the Church in England* by John R. H. Moorman (460pp. A. and C. Black, 35s.); it first appeared in 1953, and this edition has been revised in order to bring it up to date: *A Dictionary of Geography* by W. G. Moore (246pp. A. and C. Black, 30s.); it was first published in 1949 by Penguin; *James Fennimore Cooper* by James Grossman (292pp. Stoford University Press, £2. 12s.); first published in 1949 by William Sloane Associates; *The Banquo* by Hugh Ashton (359pp. Published for the International African Institute by Oxford University Press, £2. 5s.); it first appeared in 1952 and the new edition has been revised covering the developments and changes down to 1966, when Basutoland achieved independence as Lesotho; *The Nature and Function of International Organization* by Stephen S. Goodspeed (733pp. Oxford University Press, £2); which first appeared in 1959; *Illustrations and Proofs of the Principle of Population* by Francis Place, edited by Norman E. Himes (354pp. Allen and Unwin, £3. 0s.); first published in 1930; *The Achievement of Greece* by William Chase Green (334pp. Allen and Unwin, £2. 12s. 6d.); first published in 1923; *Malayana Satal* by Charles Shuttleworth (156pp. Phoenix House, 30s.); first published in 1965; *Crime and the Social Structure* by John Barron Mays (256pp. Faber and Faber, 35s.); it was first published in 1963—and the new edition has been brought up to date: *Communism Since 1945* by Maye E. Bruce with a foreword by L. F. Eastbrook (35pp. Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.); it first appeared in 1946; the new edition has been revised by Lady Eve Balfour; *In Which Bound Africa* by Frank H. Melndin (316pp. Frank Cass, £4. 4s.); which was first published in 1923; *Epiphany to India* by Nityong U. Akpan (204pp. Frank Cass, £2. 2s.); first published in 1956.

We regret that in our May 25 supplement on Children's Books we gave the price of the quarterly *Books for Your Children* as 7s. It in fact costs 1s. per issue.

